



No. 445.—VOL. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



THE KING AT COWES: A NEW PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY IN YACHTING COSTUME.

SUPPLIED EXCLUSIVELY TO "THE SKETCH" BY DEBENHAM, COWES.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King and the Veteran R.A.—The "Old Stagers"—London Clubland Desolate—The Mauritius.

THE KING has made Mr. Sidney Cooper, the veteran R.A., a member of the Royal Victorian Order, and the artist, though ninety-eight years of age, was sufficiently strong to bear the journey from Canterbury to Marlborough House to receive the honour in person. This week is the "Canterbury Week," and many messages of congratulation from the county folk who throng the town, dance at the balls, and watch the cricket from the ring of tents around the St. Lawrence ground, have been sent to Harbledown, the hill whence the pilgrims used to obtain their first view of the Cathedral, and where the distinguished animal-painter has his home. Mr. Sidney Cooper has been all his life a Canterbury man, and the town owes much to him. He has established a Gallery and School of Art there, and he owns the theatre where this week the "Old Stagers" are playing "His Excellency the Governor" and "The Tyranny of Tears."

The "Old Stagers" Club, of which I have made mention in connection with Mr. Sidney Cooper, becomes sixty years old this week, and its members are celebrating their Diamond Jubilee in the little bandbox of a theatre which is under the shadow of the Cathedral tower of Canterbury. This year, the members of the Club have dropped the quaint *noms-de-théâtre* under which for sixty years they concealed their identity. Sixty years ago, it was, curiously enough, considered that the young Members of Parliament and Civil Servants and officers of the Guards, who were the original members of the Club, would do wisely, if they did take part in amateur theatricals, to do so under assumed names. Nowadays, amateur theatricals have become so much a part of the doings of Society that no man thinks it necessary to adopt a *noms-de-théâtre* when playing in them. The Epilogue, which is always played by the "Old Stagers" on the Friday night of the week, will have this season, of course, many allusions to the sixty years' past of the "Old Stagers'" life, and as London has, during the past season, seen on the stage messengers from Mars and pretty wanderers from Venus, so Canterbury on Friday is to be approached by the men from the Moon.

Half of London Clubland is now desolate and in the hands of the painters. The Athenæum is receiving a coat of white paint, and the Bishops look out on London life from the windows of the "Senior"; the Naval and Military members have left their pleasant little garden, where the flowers bloom and the fountain tinkles and the gold-fish swim round and round in the stone basin, and have been given house-room by the "Rag"; and all the other Clubs, political, clerical, and social, are entertaining or being entertained by comrade institutions. The Clubs that during this week would be glad to extend their accommodation to an unlimited extent are the Clubs at Cowes—the Squadron and the Royal Thames. At Cowes Castle, where the white ensign of the premier Yacht Club in the world flies, the lawn accommodation has of late years been vastly increased, but the number of admissions to its jealously guarded precincts is very limited, and the members have but a few badges to give to many applicants. At the other Club there would need to be double the number of rooms to accommodate all the members who wish to live there during the Regatta Week. At the end of this week, the Edinburgh and the Northern Clubs will have their resources taxed to the fullest by the stream of sportsmen passing through to the moors, where on Monday the guns will be in the butts and the driven grouse will come swirling down with the wind.

From Australia the *Ophir* turned her prow northward towards Mauritius, one of the most beautiful Colonies over which the British Flag flies, and in more ways than one an exceptional one. Readers of the novels of Besant and Rice know the island well, for, under another name, it figured in one of them. The description of the scenery was no guesswork on Sir Walter Besant's part, and he had not to turn to gazetteers for his local colour, for he was for a time the Senior Professor of the Royal College of Mauritius. The island used to be called the Isle of France; all the mountains and rivers have French names, and most of the planters are of French extraction and speak the language of Gaul. It is an island of sugar-plantations, of strange-shaped mountains—Pierre Botte, a great obelisk of rock crowned by a globe of stone, being the strangest—of unfathomable lakes. Troopships going from the Cape to India use it as a half-way house-of-call, and there are graving-docks which draw to the island a number of craft of all nations in need of repairs. There is a garrison on the island, which in days gone by consisted entirely of British troops; but of late the experiment has been tried of quartering some coloured troops there—an experiment which has not been altogether a success, for the inhabitants and the newcomers did not settle down in amity together at first, and Mauritius was brought into sudden notice some while ago by an *émeute*. The planters have, some of them, blood of the South in their veins, and it is not unusual to hear that a quarrel has been settled by a passage of all the parties concerned to the neighbouring French island of Réunion and a scratch with a duelling-sword on the forearm of one or the other of the disputants. The officers of the French garrison at Réunion and the British officers at Mauritius are always on the friendliest terms, and an exchange of visits often takes place. I can recall an occasion when the "Buffs" were quartered at Mauritius, and some of the officers crossed to Réunion at the invitation of the garrison there. Every attention was shown them, and a dinner was given in their honour, and on the menu was a scroll, with upon it in gold "Vive les Bœufs!"

THE CHAPERON AT COWES—AND ELSEWHERE.

The Usual Exodus—Brilliant Cowes—Princess Beatrice and her Guests—Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Battle Abbey—Death of Lady Hilda Brodrick.

PARLIAMENT notwithstanding, Society, in the narrower sense of the word, left London in a body early last week. Many people went off at once to Homburg; among others who have already signed their names in the Empress Frederick's visitors'-book are Lord and Lady William Cecil, Sir George Wombwell, Lady Crossley, and Lady Iveagh. More, of course, found their way to West Sussex, and, to the surprise of many people, the Duke of Richmond, in spite of Lord March's absence, entertained a party at Goodwood House. Among his guests were Lord Cadogan—whose eldest son and daughter-in-law spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean—Lord Durham, Lord Crewe, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Alington, the latter much congratulated on the fact that she is the first English hostess who has entertained the King since his Accession. At West Dean, Mrs. Willie James gathered together quite a galaxy of beauties—Lady St. Oswald, exquisitely picturesque; Lady Mar and Kellie; Lord Shaftesbury's pretty sister, whom some people think the best-looking woman now in Society; Lady Wolverton, who grows more like her beautiful mother as time goes on, and who, in spite of her height, has a look of her cousin and hostess, the bright, brilliant, albeit *petite*, mistress of West Dean. Lady Colebrooke, also belonging to Mrs. James's party, looked very striking; indeed, this year the number of pretty women was specially noticeable, partly owing, no doubt, to the becoming mourning and neutral tints still *de rigueur* even on a race-lawn.

Goodwood forms a pleasant prelude to Cowes, and the first Regatta of the century bids fair to be among the most brilliant, thanks in a measure to the presence of His Majesty's yacht, the new *Victoria* and *Albert*, which holds its own gallantly, as in duty bound, in the brilliant little fleet now gathered together on the blue waters of the Solent. Most of the better-known yachtsmen, especially those who have the good-fortune to be members of the "R.Y.S.," have made a point of being at Cowes this year. And the new Commodore, Lord Ormonde, is here, there, and everywhere, seeing after everyone's nautical affairs and entertaining a party of his own and Lady Ormonde's friends on the *Mirage*. This time last year Cowes was plunged in gloom, for the sudden death of Queen Victoria's second son was the more lamented owing to his own close connection with the Navy and the "R.Y.S." Now, although all the better-known yachswomen are still wearing half-mourning, the Cowes world is bent on having a good time, and all the well-known places, Nubia House, Norris Castle, Culross Lodge, Hamlet Lodge, Pavilion Cottage, to quote the names of but a few endeared to the Cowes habitué by a hundred-and-one pleasant associations, have each their full complement of guests, of whom only a few belong to the type of the immortal lady who was heard—in the Castle grounds, too—to observe to a friend, "Cowes would be really *too* delightful if only it wasn't for that stupid yachting!" Some years ago, it looked, indeed, as if the social side of the Regatta was to carry all before it; but the better-known yachswomen—Lady Annesley, Georgina Lady Dudley, and her clever daughter-in-law, Lady Wolverton, and Lady Ormonde and her two daughters—all resolutely set their faces against turning the Regatta Week into a land picnic. Accordingly, now more than ever, the yacht's the thing, and, save on Sunday and on such special occasions as attendance at a garden-party, plain serges, sailor-hats, and yachting-caps remain the only wear.

A few people, but, of course, only those claiming real intimacy with Princess Beatrice, have already found their way to Osborne Cottage, where Her Royal Highness is living in great retirement. The place is a kind of double villa, very picturesque both inside and out, and containing many priceless mementoes of Queen Victoria. The Princess and her children have all sorts of rights over the whole of the Osborne demesne, and spend much time in the lovely grounds. Prince Edward of Cornwall and York takes the greatest interest in the yachting, and he and his brother, Prince Albert, often drive—with, of course, their nurses and Princess Victoria—through Cowes in an open carriage.

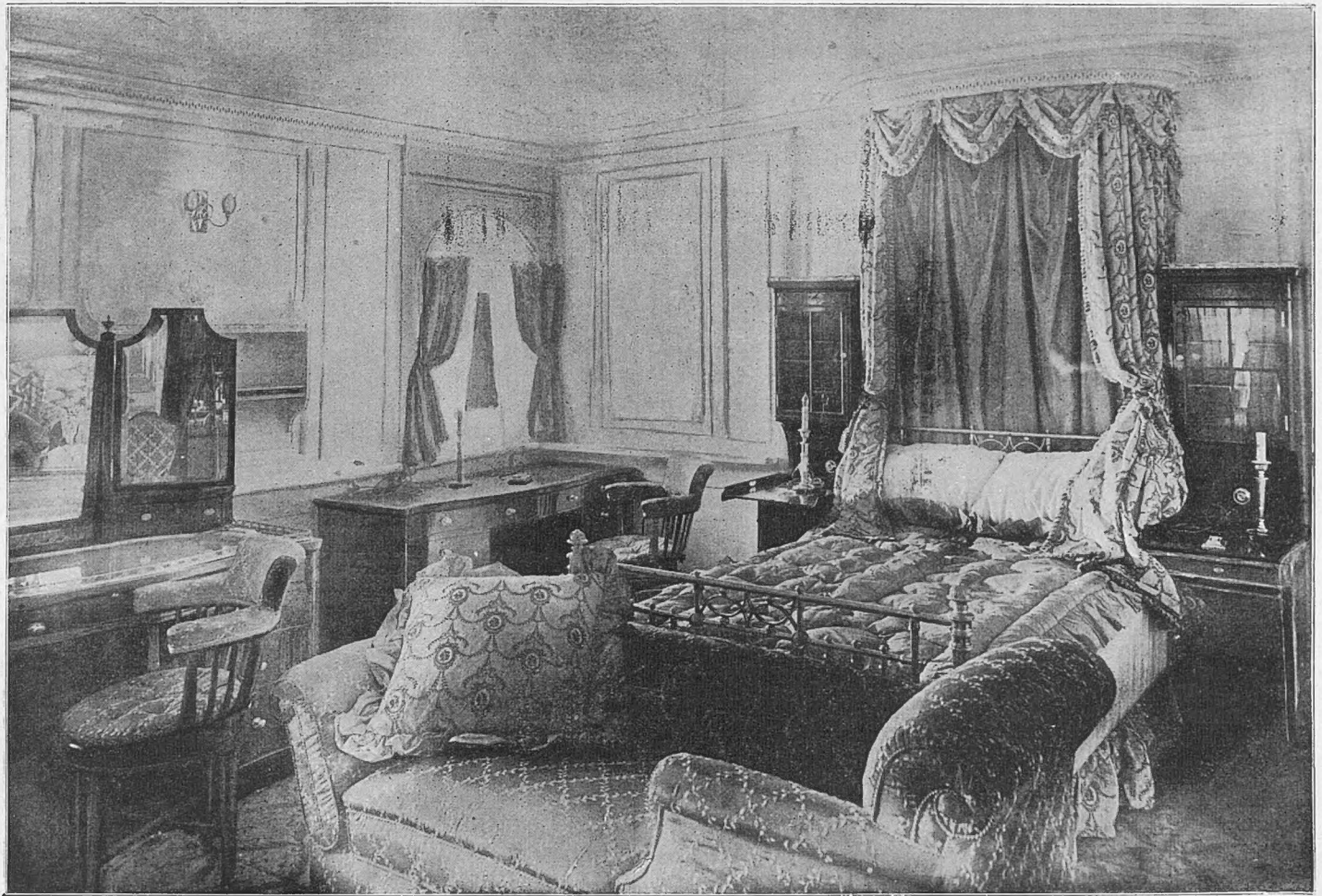
People are much excited by the rumoured purchase of Battle Abbey by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Up to the present time he has not cared to acquire an English country-seat, but it is said he took a great fancy to the place some time ago, when staying with the late Duchess of Cleveland. Mr. Rhodes is, as all the world knows, a confirmed bachelor, but the honours of his house at Cape Town have often been done by his clever sister, Miss Edith Rhodes, who is said by some of her acquaintances to be as original and peculiar as is her famous brother.

THE DEATH OF LADY HILDA BRODRICK,

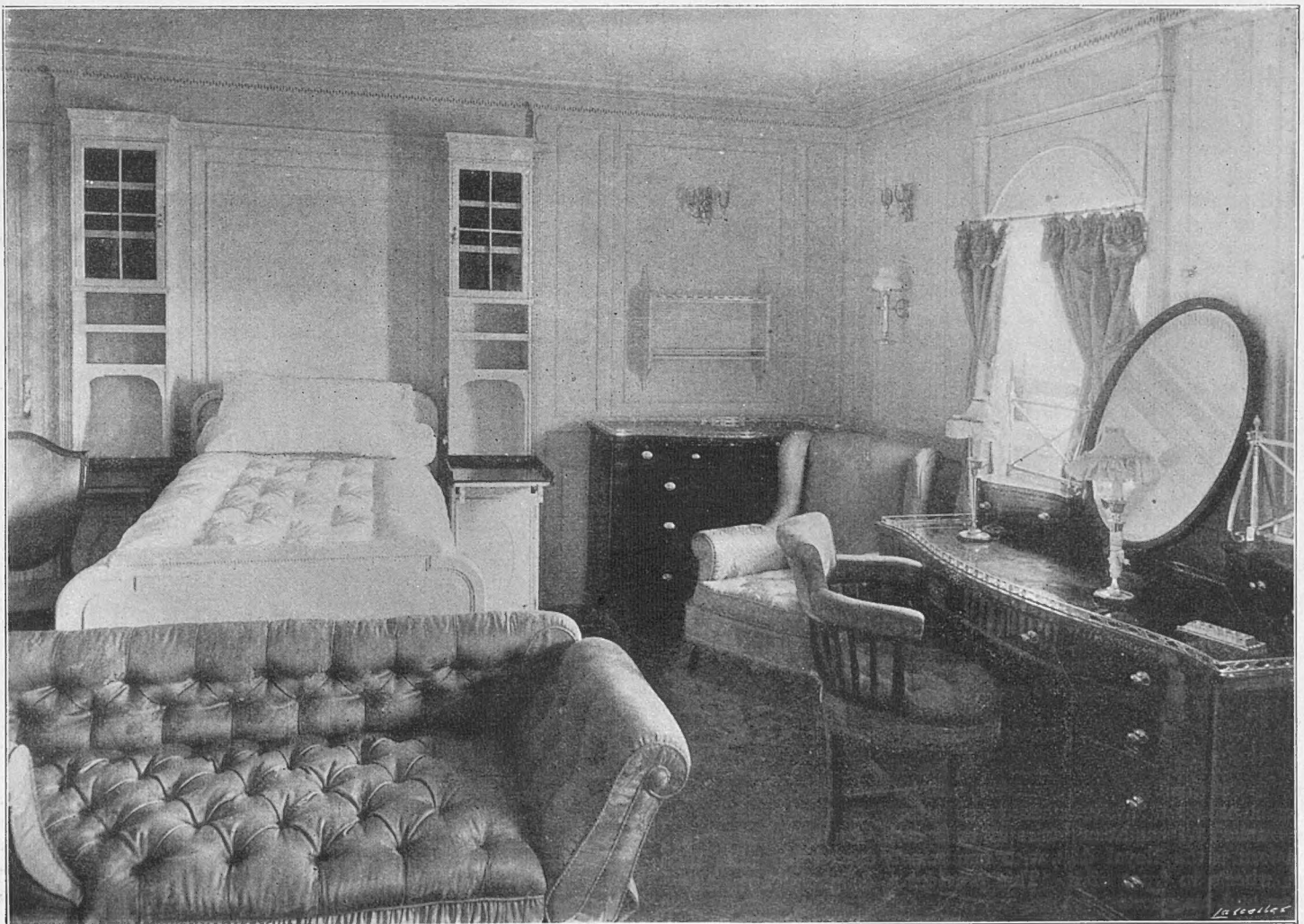
just after her eldest daughter's engagement to Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks had been announced, is really *too* sad, and has cast quite a gloom over political Society. The deepest sympathy is felt and expressed even by the most "pro-Boer" Members for the Secretary of State for War, and for Lord Wemyss, who was so fond and proud of his clever daughters. Lady Hilda took high rank among the political hostesses of the day; she had the soothing, tactful manner many people think is lacking in her brilliant husband, and her parties were particularly delightful, especially since her eldest daughter helped her to do the honours. The event has also much saddened the Godalming side of Surrey, for there Lady Hilda and her children were very popular, throwing themselves with hearty zeal into all local interests and amusements.

THE KING AT COWES:

ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM.



THE KING'S BEDROOM.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

THE KING AT COWES.

HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

IN this number, *The Sketch* is privileged to give a series of pictures showing the State apartments in His Majesty's new yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which the King and Queen are now occupying at Cowes. In order to avoid the smell of paint and other discomforts incidental to newness, their Majesties are using the new yacht for the purposes of entertaining, and are sleeping in the cosy old *Osborne*, which has for long past been held for King Edward's sole use.

To use a nautical phrase, the new *Victoria and Albert* has not quite "shaken down"—that is, the Royal apartments are not altogether finished. Here and there alterations are to be made in the furnishing, and the handsome carving on the walls—all hand-work, by the way—is to be thrown into high relief by deft decorative touches, principally of gold, upon the plain white which is now the colour used throughout on walls and ceilings. It goes without saying that the State apartments are beautifully furnished. Everything that good taste could suggest or modern inventiveness supply has been requisitioned in fitting these out. Practically, the eighteenth-century style has been adopted throughout the Royal suites, Sheraton being the kind of furniture most generally employed.

The hull of the yacht has been constructed in His Majesty's dockyards, but Messrs. S. and J. Waring, of Oxford Street, carried out all the work in connection with the Royal apartments, from designing the suites to furnishing and decorating both these and the Royal saloons and reception-room on the upper-deck.

THE STATE-DECK CORRIDOR.

The State-deck lies amidships—a broad, handsome corridor, panelled with sycamore specially selected and handsomely carved. On the left of this lie the apartments of the King and Queen. These are on the starboard (or right-hand) side of the ship. Opposite, on the port side, are suites of apartments for Royal guests. These will be used by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York when they are aboard. Princess Victoria's room also lies on this side. It is at the foot of the Grand Staircase, just opposite the King's rooms.

THE KING'S BEDROOM.

The King's bedroom is panelled with Spanish mahogany painted white. Figured-silk curtains, hand-woven, drape the windows. Like the walls, the ceiling is white. It is covered with Tyne Castle tapestry, mounted with ornament. The furniture is satin-wood, the chairs being covered with green silk of rosebud pattern. Adjacent is a beautifully fitted bath-room and dressing-room.

THE KING'S BUSINESS-ROOM.

Leading from the bedroom is a commodious apartment in which King Edward can transact State business during his residence on the yacht. This is furnished with Spanish mahogany, upholstered in blue leather. The carpets in His Majesty's apartments are blue figured Wilton.

THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM.

This is furnished in most respects like the King's, but there is attached to it a charmingly fitted bath-room and dressing-room, also room for maid.

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S ROOM.

This is a dainty apartment. Brightness is its dominant note, the furniture is white and covered with a pretty chintz, as also are the walls. Bath-room and dresser's-room, daintily fitted, complete Her Royal Highness's suite.

THE GUEST-ROOMS.

These rooms, which are for the use of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York and Royal guests, have satin-wood furniture upholstered in chintz, and chintz-covered walls. On the State-deck, too, is a handsome drawing-room. Electric-light is fitted throughout the Royal apartments, which are warmed by electric radiators.

FOR THE SUITE.

Divided by sycamore doors and a passage which runs to gangways on either side from the State-deck are the cabins of the Lords- and Ladies-in-Waiting, &c. These also have a dining-room situated in the stern of the yacht, equipped with furniture upholstered in red Morocco-leather.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM.

From the State-deck a handsome stairway leads to the State apartments on the upper-deck. Here is a fine reception-room, mahogany panelled and splendidly furnished. The stair-head makes a pleasant lounge for smoking purposes, and mahogany doors lead from each side direct to the upper-deck.

THE DINING-SALOON.

Aft of the stair is the State dining-saloon, a big, handsome apartment with white walls and roof, and furnished with Sheraton furniture.

The fine promenade-deck extends over the top of all these apartments, and is reached by handsome stairs at each end. On the upper-deck, right astern, is the Royal dais, with handsomely carved binnacles and steering-wheels in front of it. This provides a delightful lounge for the King and his guests.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Holiday Time!—"Far from the Madding Crowd"—Country Quiet?—A Naval Scare—On, not in, the Strand—A Cricket Curiosity—Bowlers' Wickets—A Brilliant Suggestion.

HOLIDAY TIME! And a good job too! There can be very few people all over England who are not making holiday this week, for the first Monday in August is by general consent the beginning of a week in which hardly anyone does a hand's-turn of work. All of us who can get away from London, unless we happen to live in the country, and then we run up to town for our holiday. To a Londoner it seems an odd thing that people should take a holiday in the great, hot City, but, after all, change of scene is the thing needed, and a countryman has just told me that he does not see what sort of a holiday anyone can get in the country, where there is nothing to see.

Personally, I am in a little seaside village remote from holiday-makers in general. It is a sort of backwater, but only just removed from the streams of people on amusement bent. There are some who like a noisy holiday, and I have got to go only a very little way nearer a big town to find breaks full of cheerful and cheery Bank-Holiday drivers along the road from one "eligible seaside resort" to another. There is nothing eligible about the little place I am in, not even on the notice-boards of land for sale.

I have quite enough noise in London all the rest of the year, and for the few days I can get away in the summer I like to have quiet, for a change, or, at least, a different set of noises. I cannot say that there is perfect quiet, for the village Parliament is held not far from my window, as there is a convenient low wall close by on which the fathers and grandfathers of the hamlet can lean their elbows and discuss the news of the place and of the great world outside. And, moreover, there are multitudes of cocks and hens, which celebrate even the laying of a single egg with Mafeking-like demonstrations.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the country is deadly quiet. It has plenty of noises of its own, only they are of a different sort to the roar of London. All this morning the cocks and hens have been silenced by the roar of big guns, for I learn from a two-day-old newspaper that England is being attacked by a hostile fleet, and, as I write, a battle is in progress off the coast. The sailors are banging away with a will, and I only hope that they will not bring the rain down on us.

I have been lying on the sand on the seashore, no longer a "Man in the Strand," but a "Man on the Strand," watching the boats go by, and every now and then waking up to pitch some stones into the water. I do not think a busy man's holiday is ever really a holiday unless the hardest work it involves is throwing stones at the sea. A week or ten days of tearing about and being forced to look at more or less uninteresting places always tires more than it amuses me, and so I limit myself to lying on the beach and pretending to read a novel. Some people call this laziness. I prefer to call it philosophical reflection. It sounds so much better.

There was some funny cricket last week, when the ground began to dry up after the violent rain-storms. Four games were finished in two days, for the wickets favoured the bowlers and the batsmen seemed all abroad. Kent beat Somersetshire in brilliant fashion at the end, but their first innings was a cricket curiosity. They scored 73, but of these J. R. Mason made 40 and "Mr. Extras" 16, while six of the men made duck's-eggs. Somersetshire did better until the end of their second innings, when wickets went down with a run, chiefly to Mason's bowling. In fact, Mason won that match with his fine all-round performance.

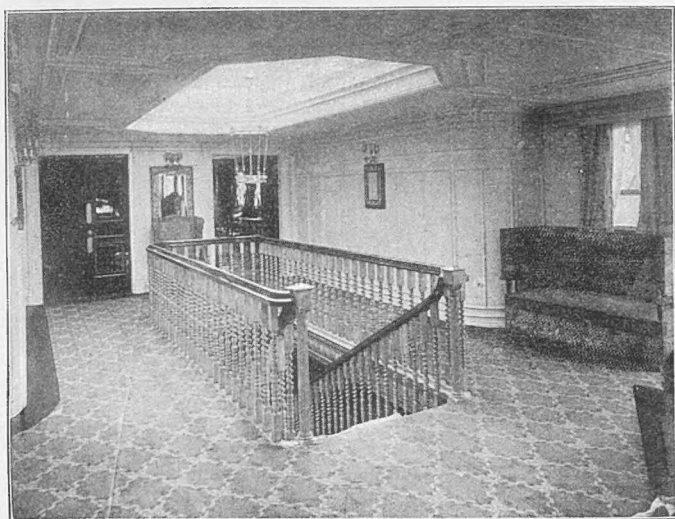
Notts and Leicestershire also made small scores in their match at Leicester, which was won by the home county. King bowled splendidly for the winning team in both innings. Still, a few men managed to do some batting, as Hayes for Surrey and Ward and Tyldesley for Lancashire all scored centuries, the latter hitting up 158. Cuttell bowled magnificently in Derbyshire's first innings, and Webb did well in both, so that Lancashire won easily by an innings and plenty to spare. Cricket is full of surprises on a bowler's wicket, and is really far more interesting to lookers-on than when the turf is like a billiard-table and the batsmen have it all their own way.

I think that Lord Rosebery has hit the right nail on the head with his suggestion about the King's title. Nothing could be better than "King of All the Britains, Within and Beyond the Seas," and "The Man in the Street" congratulates Lord Rosebery upon his happy phrasing. We want to show the foreigners that we are all one nation, and this seems to me to do it exactly.

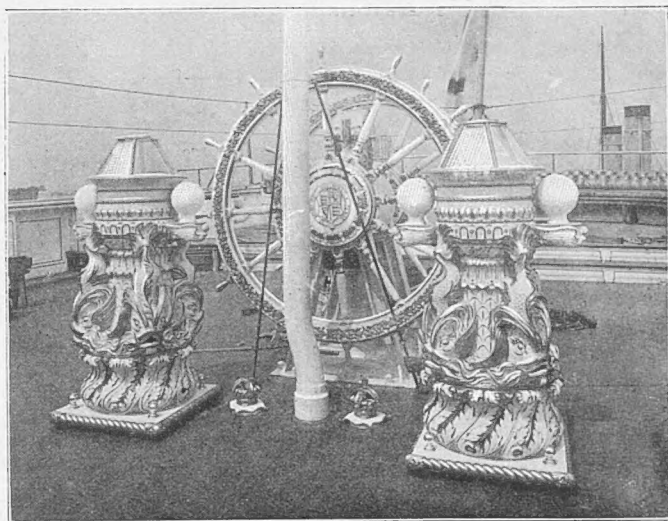
Special Cheap Excursions to the Glasgow Exhibition, Helensburgh, and Edinburgh.—The attention of our readers is directed to the special cheap excursions which the Midland Railway Company have arranged, leaving St. Pancras at 11.20 a.m., for five consecutive Saturdays, commencing Aug. 10. Two classes of tickets will be issued, one available for eight days and the other for sixteen days. Special facilities will be granted to the excursionist for combining a tour to the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, the Clyde, and Crinan Canal, &c.

THE KING AT COWES:

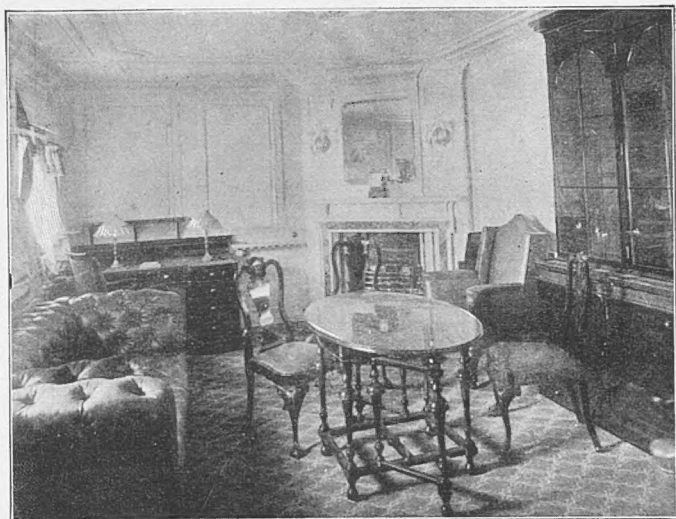
ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



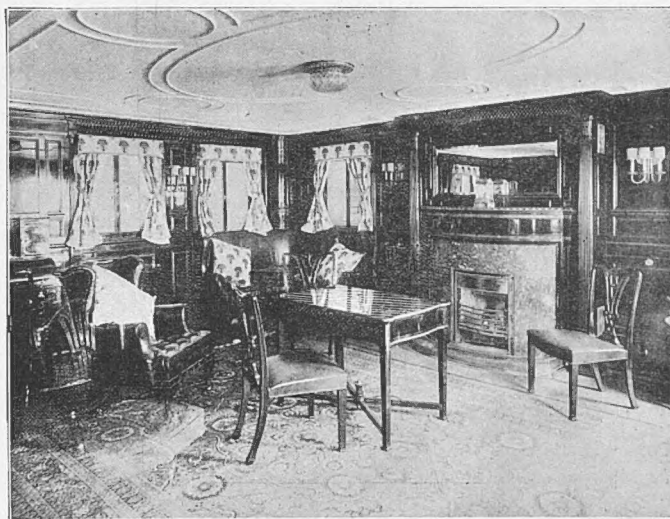
THE STAIR-HEAD.



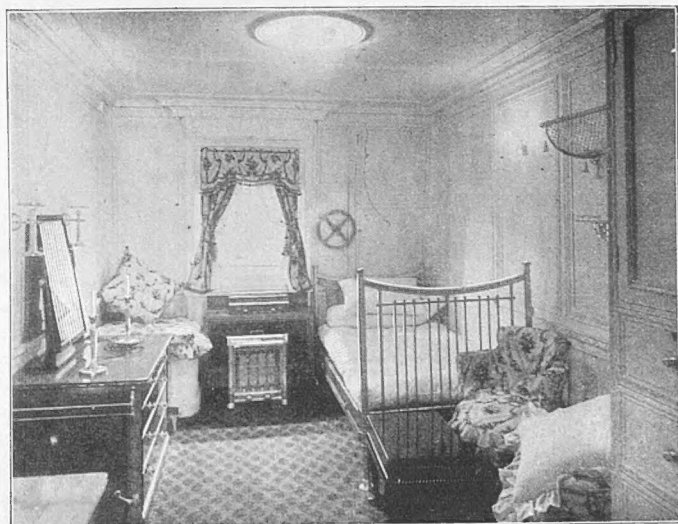
THE WHEEL ON THE ROYAL DAIS



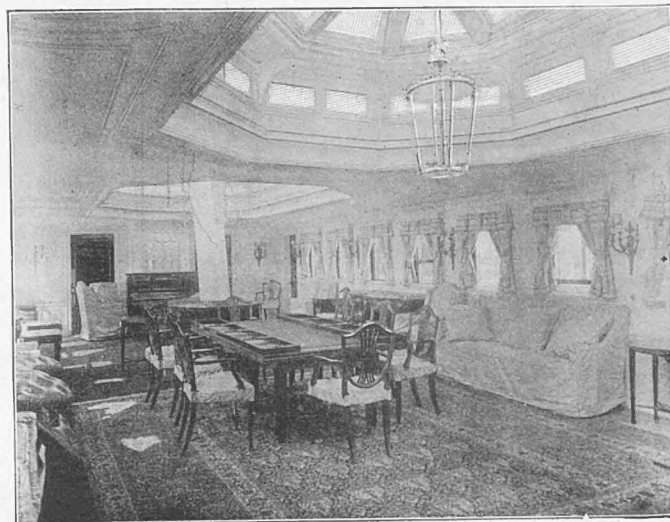
THE KING'S BUSINESS-ROOM.



THE RECEPTION-ROOM.



ONE OF THE GUEST-ROOMS.



THE DINING-SALOON.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

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SHANKLIN	BEMBRIDGE	

Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

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Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

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HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.
Dublin, 1901.

NATIONAL ART COMPETITION.

The attention that is being given to the application of art to industrial purposes is illustrated in the exhibition of competing works from the Schools of Art, now being held at South Kensington. A number of creditable designs for textiles, metal-work, stained glass, pottery, and embroidery, and some charming arrangements for Irish and Nottingham lace, are among the best things to be seen in the show. The examples of bookbinding and jewellery are also interesting, but of the painting and modelling there is not much to be said, for the work in these departments, with its frequently laboured finish, conveys too much of the suggestion of a task to be really pleasing and artistic. The exhibition, as a whole, marks an advance on others of recent years.

His Majesty has by Royal Warrant appointed Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, to be Manufacturers to the King. The same firm held the late Queen Victoria's Warrant of Appointment for nearly a quarter of a century.

Messrs. R. Lockyer and Co are turning out a very good straight-cut cigarette, called the "Palm Brand." They are made by hand, of unsteamed hand-cut tobacco, this being the only means of producing an ideal American cigarette.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

SUMMER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS from MARYLEBONE STATION (near BAKER STREET and EDGWARE ROAD STATIONS), WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, &c.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King at Cowes. His Majesty, as Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron, has, of course, fully as much authority as he had as Commodore, in which office, held by him as Prince of Wales for so many years, the King has been succeeded by Lord Ormonde, the Duke of Leeds being now Vice-Commodore. His Grace is the happy owner of one of the most comfortable yachts afloat, the prettily named *Corisande*, and in her he takes many a delightful cruise, often finding his way to places little frequented by British yachtsmen. His four young daughters are all devoted to the sea, and his baby son-and-heir should live to take a proud position in the yachting world, seeing that he is, in addition to being his father's son, nephew to the new Commander of the Royal Yacht, Captain Hedworth Lambton.

The Jockey Club of the Ocean The "R.Y.S." stands in quite a peculiar position to the rest of the British yachting world. Under Royal patronage for something like a hundred years, each "R.Y.S." yacht has the right of showing, in addition to the red-cross burgee, the white ensign, the naval flag of the Empire. From the Club point of view, the "R.Y.S." is extraordinarily exclusive, and those "pilled" last Monday (5th) can console themselves with the reflection that their fate has often been that of people even more distinguished than themselves. Now, one black ball in five excludes; hitherto it has been one in ten. It should, however, be added that a man may be black-balled two years in succession and still have a very good chance of being elected the third.

The "R.Y.S." has at Cowes the most delightful quarters. The Castle is the oldest building in the Isle of Wight, and has now been the property of the "R.Y.S." for close on fifty years. Six years ago the building was much improved by the addition of a bastion, and the then Royal Commodore presented the twenty-two brass guns with which it was mounted in commemoration of his twenty-two yachting wins. The Castle contains an excellent suite of rooms, of which the finest and most popular is the long loggia-conservatory called "the deck," which commands really splendid views of the Solent.

The King at Sea. It is the fixed determination of the King to test the seaworthiness of the *Victoria and Albert* directly she is quit of painters and artificers, and it is stated in well-informed circles that there is a possibility of His Majesty crossing the Bay of Biscay en route to Lisbon, where, of course, our Sovereign would receive the heartiest welcome from his cousin, the King of Portugal. But such a trip would have to be undertaken by the King incognito, and, from what I learn from correspondents round about Spithead, it is much more probable that the *Victoria and Albert* will be put through her paces in the English Channel without entering foreign waters. Naval men like "the cut of her jib," but memories of the disastrous "pitch and toss" from Pembroke still prejudice many experts against her. But, nevertheless, everyone wishes that the yacht may eventually do well, not only by reason of the King's interest in her, but also because Sir William White was cruelly maligned when the ship was building.

The King and the Navy. His Majesty loses no opportunity of testifying his regard for the Navy. Naval men are one and all delighted at the King's action in reviving the dignified sinecures of Vice-Admiral and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom. These offices must not be confused with the already existing one of Vice-Admiral of the Coast, which is held by a number of distinguished civilians, notably Lord Dufferin, Lord Kimberley, and Lord Ormonde.

Admirals All. Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, whom the Sovereign has selected for this high honour of Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, is an old friend of the Royal Family, and he is as good an officer as he is a courtier. Sir Michael recently retired from

the noble Service to which he devoted his life for the last half-century. The Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle is the King's choice for the hardly less important office of Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom. One of the many distinguished sons of that wonderful nonagenarian, the first Lord Cottesloe, he entered the Navy a year before Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, and saw much war-service in Burmah, New Zealand, and Ashanti. It was while he was serving under the Southern Cross that he wooed and won his clever and distinguished wife.

Queen Alexandra and Loyal Canada.

Her Gracious Majesty is said to have been much touched by the address sent to her by the Women of Canada, which was formally presented to Queen Alexandra on their behalf by the Countess of Aberdeen, one-time Vice-Reine of "Our Lady of the Snows." The address, signed by upwards of twenty-five thousand Canadian women of all ranks and conditions, included the "marks" of six Indian native ladies of rank, and the signatures of many quite little girls of French extraction. The document is enclosed in a beautiful yellow leather case, exquisitely embossed, and, by a happy device, it is fastened by a silver buckle in the form of the Garter, bearing the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," in allusion to Her Majesty's connection with that most noble and exalted Order.



Princess Victoria of York. Prince Henry of York. Prince Edward of York. Prince Albert of York.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES OF YORK, WHO ARE NOW STAYING AT OSBORNE.

Photo by Ralph, D. & S. Graham.

If only to reassure the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York as to the health and happiness of their little ones in Old England, I take an especial delight in publishing on this page a capital photo of the Triumphant Four. By this time, of course, the features of Prince Edward of York are pretty well known to my readers, but I don't think they will be inclined to quarrel with me for giving them this pretty picture of the Big Little Man on deck. If, when he ascends to the Throne, Prince Edward takes command as wholeheartedly and genially as he approaches the task of guarding his brothers and sister, there is little doubt that he will make as popular and painstaking

a King as his Royal grandfather. In the meantime, he is a thorough boy and is wonderfully well up in matters military.

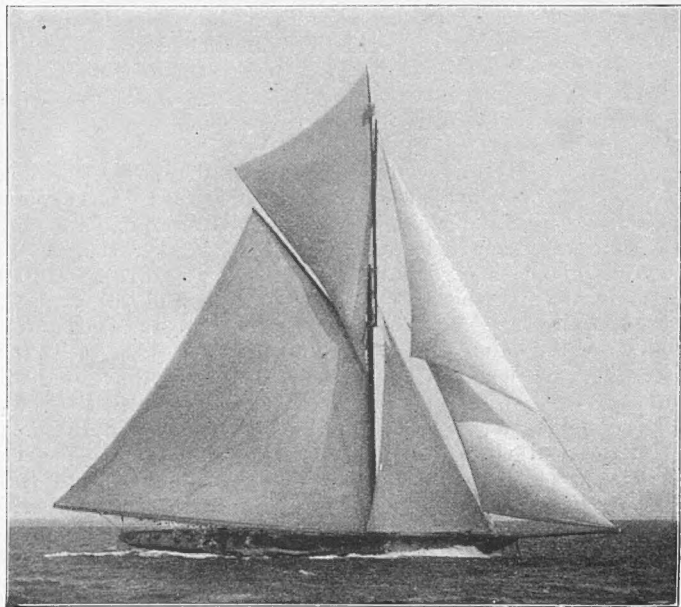
Prince Edward at Osborne.

There is something deeply pathetic in the thought that the first of her late Majesty's descendants to arrive at Osborne since January should be Prince Edward. Queen Victoria was devoted to her great-grandson, and allowed him, when at Osborne, to be far more in her company than was the case with most of her great-grandchildren still of tender age. It is to be hoped that the little Prince will retain a vivid memory to the end of his life of the venerable figure already occupying so great a place in English history, and of whom he has so many happy, albeit childish, memories. The three Princes and their sister will remain at Osborne through August, under the care of their aunt, Princess Henry of Battenberg.

King Edward's Host, Lord Alington.

Lord Alington and his charming young wife, before her marriage Miss "Evy" Leigh, have had the honour of being the first of His Majesty's own subjects to entertain him as King. In old days, the Prince of Wales paid many pleasant visits to Criche, the splendid Dorset seat of the Sturt family, and on more than one occasion the then Princess of Wales and the young Princesses accompanied him. Lord Alington has a large family by his first wife, and one of his daughters, Lady Chelsea, the wife of Lord Cadogan's eldest son and heir, is the intimate friend of the Duchess of Fife. The present Lady Alington is about the same age as her step-daughters. She is extremely pretty and clever, devoted to gardening and country pursuits, and has long been a great favourite with all the Royal Family. Downe Place is one of the most delightful of Thames-side estates, and has already been occupied by Lord and Lady Alington for several summers.

Royal Homburg. King Edward is expected, perhaps over-confidently, to arrive at Homburg the end of this week (Aug. 10). Great joy was expressed in the smart little German town when it became known that His Majesty was to occupy his old suite of rooms at Ritter's famous hotel, and not, as had been confidently predicted, the somewhat gloomy apartments in the Castle formally assigned to him



THE FAMOUS YACHT "BRITANNIA."

The King, now at Cowes, has hoisted his flag as Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron on board his old yacht, the "Britannia," now the property of Sir R. W. Bulkeley, a member of the Squadron. Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

by the Kaiser. Homburg bids fair to become for the next month the hub of the universe, for, in addition to King Edward, the German Emperor and Empress and most of the other children and children-in-law of the Empress Frederick are expected. So many well-known English people have followed their Sovereign's example of late years that the "cure" is now more fashionable than ever. As was hinted last week, very few coloured dresses will be seen on the Homburg golf-links or tennis-courts. Many old habitués of the place—Lord and Lady Sandhurst, Lady Crossley, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brand, and Sir George Wombwell—are settled in for at least three weeks; and among those who are expected are Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Mrs. George Keppel, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, and a host of fair Americans.

"The Duke" at Homburg. The Duke of Cambridge, who was the first British Royal visitor to arrive at Homburg this season, is never better pleased than when staying at the famous German Spa first visited by him some sixty-odd years ago. He is immensely popular there, and is always surrounded by a group of pretty ladies, to whom he pays the most gallant attentions. His Royal Highness when at Homburg enjoys entertaining and being entertained, and, notwithstanding his age, he is one of the most active pedestrians in the place.

Golf Links at Windsor. The new golf course in the grounds of Windsor Castle, to which reference has already been made in *The Sketch*, extends from Adelaide Lodge to the back of the Royal Kennels. There are nine holes and the length of the round is about two miles. The King has played over the ground, and has expressed his satisfaction with the work so far as it has progressed. Half-a-dozen bunkers have been planned so as to trap faulty strokes, and their turfed banks will be raised four feet above the level. The sand-pits in front will be about a foot deep. The putting-greens, made of fine turf, under the direction of Jack Kirkaldy, who is superintending the entire work, will not be in perfect condition for some months yet. Several of the Royal servants have received permission to play on the Royal links in the evenings, and their practice will help to bring the course into condition. By the time the King resides at Windsor, the caddies, who have been selected from the boys in the neighbourhood, will be thoroughly efficient for their work.

A Great Scotch Wedding. Yester House, which has so often had the honour of entertaining Royal visitors, will be the scene this autumn of one of the prettiest weddings Scotland has had for many a long day—that of Lord and Lady Tweeddale's only daughter, Lady Clementine Hay, and Mr. Walter Baring. The bridegroom, who is one of the wealthiest officers in the 1st Life Guards, is a step-son of Sir Clement Hill, and the forthcoming marriage has excited the greatest interest in Scottish Society, where the young bride has been long a popular figure, the more so that she had taken an active part in organising and managing the Children's League of Pity to which belong thousands of Scottish children, including the Ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff and Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg.

A Political Alliance.

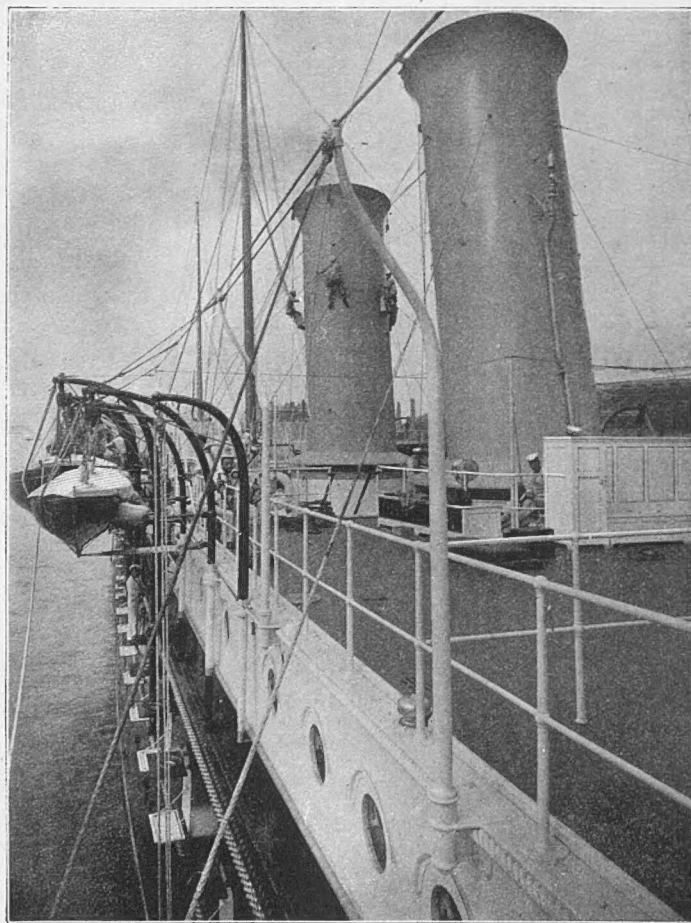
The marriage of Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks, Lord Tweedmouth's only child and heir, to Miss Muriel Brodrick, is of particular interest, as the families of bride and bridegroom belong to the opposing political Parties. Indeed, since the engagement of Lord Salisbury's eldest daughter to the then Lord Selborne's eldest son, no political matrimonial alliance has excited such general comment and interest. Miss Brodrick, who is, through her mother, the granddaughter of that veteran bridegroom, Lord Wemyss, though only nineteen, has been seen a great deal in Society, for she has long helped her mother to do the honours of Mr. Brodrick's pretty town-house, and she has also sometimes presided as hostess at informal dinner-parties at the House of Commons. Mr. Marjoribanks, who was one of the many Peers' elder sons engaged in South Africa, is said by some people to be as clever a youth as his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill. It is, indeed, expected that he will in due course follow his father-in-law and his own father into political life. Lord Tweedmouth before he succeeded to the title was one of the most popular and clever of Liberal Whips, and in those days his wife, Lady Fanny Marjoribanks, rendered in the social way yeoman service to her husband's Party, and this though herself a Tory Churchill by birth.

Lady Victoria Innes-Ker.

Rarely indeed is a fashionable wedding postponed on the eve of the bridal-day. This fate, however, befell Lady Victoria Innes-Ker and Captain Villiers, whose marriage was to have taken place the week before last at St. George's, Hanover Square. The terrible heat prostrated the bride-elect, and now it is expected that the wedding will take place very quietly at Floors Castle, the Duke of Roxburghe's splendid Scottish seat. Lady Victoria, who is one of the Duke's pretty sisters, is first-cousin, through her mother, to a host of distinguished young men and gallant soldiers, including the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Winston Churchill, the sons of Lord Wimborne, and Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks. Captain Villiers is a brother of the young clergyman who became some two years since Lady Wimborne's son-in-law and fervent disciple.

Mr. Sam Pope, K.C.

No greater rhetorician in his own line of business ever practised at the Parliamentary Bar than the late Mr. Sam Pope, K.C., who so unexpectedly and quietly passed away last week. Mr. Pope was leader of a school of oratory which is practically unknown to the general public. His instinct was so keen in discovering a flaw in any case that Lord Russell of Killowen once declared that Sam Pope ought to have drawn up a Code Victoria, in emulation of the Code Napoleon. He was a genial, good-hearted man, and in many respects resembled his brother, Dr. Joseph Pope, better known as "Jope," of the *Sporting Times*, especially in size. "Jope" and his brother, so tradition says, once took a four-wheeled cab, and the bottom fell out on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge. The cabman was deaf, and the mighty twain had to trudge across the Thames till the vehicle was stopped by a policeman.



HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT COWES: VIEW OF STATE DECK AND ROYAL BARGES.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

New Lord-in-Waiting to the King.

Lord Suffield, who has been appointed the non-political Lord-in-Waiting to the King, thus filling a place which the old Viscount Bridport occupied in the Queen's Household, has been a faithful servant of His Majesty for almost thirty years. It was in 1872 that he was first appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, to whom he was also Superintendent of the Stables. Unlike most of the nobility, he was educated neither at any of the Public Schools nor at



COWES TOWN REGATTA: FINISH OF THE SENIOR FOURS' RACE.

either of the Universities, but by private tutors. In 1847, when he was seventeen, he entered the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, in which he remained for six years. Then he raised a Volunteer battalion in Norfolk, and served with it from 1856 to 1866, when he was appointed to command the Norfolk Militia of the Eastern Division of the R.A., a position he held for over a quarter of a century. When the Prince of Wales went to India, Lord Suffield accompanied His Royal Highness as Chief of the Staff. It is worth noting that the position of Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen he also held for four years, having been first appointed to that office in 1868. Fifteen years ago he was Master of the Queen's Buckhounds, and for many years he was Master of the Norfolk Foxhounds and Stag-hounds. He has been in his life a thorough sportsman, devoted to all forms of sport, and in his Norfolk home he delights in some fine pictures which he possesses. His Lordship can even now hardly be considered other than an old man—although he is almost a boy compared to Viscount Bridport, who is in his eighty-seventh year—for he was seventy-one in January last.

Brilliant Blenheim. This week Blenheim is very much *en fête*, for on Saturday (10th) the largest Conservative gathering ever held in Oxfordshire will take place in the Duke of Marlborough's stately park, and the youthful Duchess will preside as hostess over an exceptionally interesting political lunch, among her guests being Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. It is said in America that the Duchess has all the Vanderbilt ambition and that she looks forward to seeing her husband play as prominent a part in the affairs of State as aspires to do his clever cousin Winston.

A Ducal Palace. Blenheim, though not picturesque as is Arundel Castle, or as gorgeously splendid as is Welbeck, holds its own among ducal residences, and the State rooms are full of interesting relics of "handsome John Churchill" and of his redoubtable Duchess, Sarah. Indeed, the latter's portrait hangs in quaint contrast to a brilliant French counterfeit presentment of the present mistress of Blenheim in one of the Grand Drawing-rooms, where her Grace entertained the then Prince and Princess of Wales in 1896. Tapestries showing the many successful battles fought by the first Duke line another great apartment, but infinitely more interesting than is the house are the wonderful gardens.

Blossoms Rich and Rare. The orchid-houses at Blenheim are justly famed, and have afforded keen delight to successive Duchesses of Marlborough, but "her fortunate Grace," as the present Duke's young wife is slyly styled in her own country, has added to the many horticultural glories of her English home a true American bower. Though called a bower, this pretty gardening conceit is, in reality, a long shade-arbour composed of masses of sweet-smelling climbing blossoms, notably honeysuckle, clematis, and

the exquisite American variety of the Crimson Rambler rose. There the Duchess often spends the afternoon, though the stately Italian Garden, on which opens her boudoir, is also a favourite resort, as is the tea-room above the boat-house by the lake.

The Empress Frederick.

It is with the deepest regret (writes a valued German correspondent) that I record the increased debility of that amiable Princess and just and clever Sovereign Lady, the Empress Frederick. Her Majesty has been completely prostrated by the weather, and though she endures her sufferings with the greatest heroism, there can be no doubt that her condition has given poignant anxiety to her relatives. His Majesty King Edward is informed every day, and sometimes twice and thrice a day, of the state of his sister's health. It has been resolved, however, that, unless absolutely necessary, no bulletins shall be issued. The grand, good heart of the Empress desires, and her innate strength gives one hope, that she may witness the Coronation of her best-beloved brother. It is the Empress's bad health which has largely influenced King Edward in visiting Homburg this year.

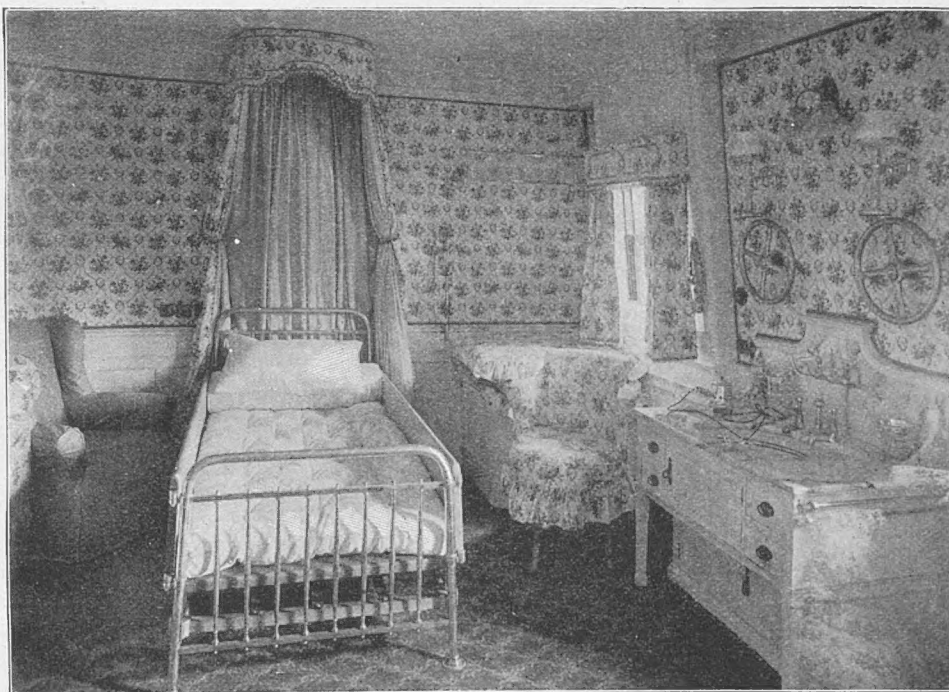
The Secretary of the Carnegie Trust.

Lord Elgin, Chairman of the Carnegie Trust, said the other day that for anyone to claim the privileges of this benefaction not because the fees were a barrier to his entrance to the University, but to put money in his own pocket, was a dishonourable act. Professor McCormick, of the Chair of English Literature at Dundee University College, has been appointed Secretary to the Carnegie Trust, at a salary of eight hundred pounds a-year. The Secretary is a graduate of Glasgow University, was at one time assistant to Professor Nichol, and is a keen student of Chaucer. Meanwhile, every church that is in debt or that wishes a pipe-organ introduced, or town that decides upon adopting the Free Libraries Act, seems to make the matter known to Mr. Carnegie, who continues in a most generous and long-suffering manner favourably to respond to the demands upon him.

The British "A.S.S." in Glasgow.

Glasgow Corporation is to do its best to make the visit of the British Association an enjoyable "picnic." Professor Rucker will give his opening address in St. Andrew's Hall on Sept. 11; on the evening of the 12th the Corporation will formally welcome the British Association at a reception and conversation. The new anatomical buildings at the University will be opened on the same day, when Professor and Mrs. Cleland will give an "At Home" in connection therewith. Lord Overtoun is to entertain a number of guests at his seat at Overtoun on the 13th, and on Saturday, the 15th, there will be excursions to Loch Lomond, the Roman Camp at Ardoch, Craignethan Castle and Falls of Clyde, Stirling, Hamilton Palace, and the Trossachs. A number of local gentlemen, including the Duke of Montrose, Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Mr. Crum-Ewing, Sir James Bell, and the Earl of Home, are acting as generous entertainers.

"Fancy Free" is the title which Captain Basil Hood has, he tells me, selected for the comedy which he is writing as a successor to his charming play, "Sweet and Twenty," whenever the Vaudeville Management requires a successor to that most successful play. The sweet Miss Ellaline Terriss will, of course, play an enchanting damsel "in maiden meditation, fancy free."

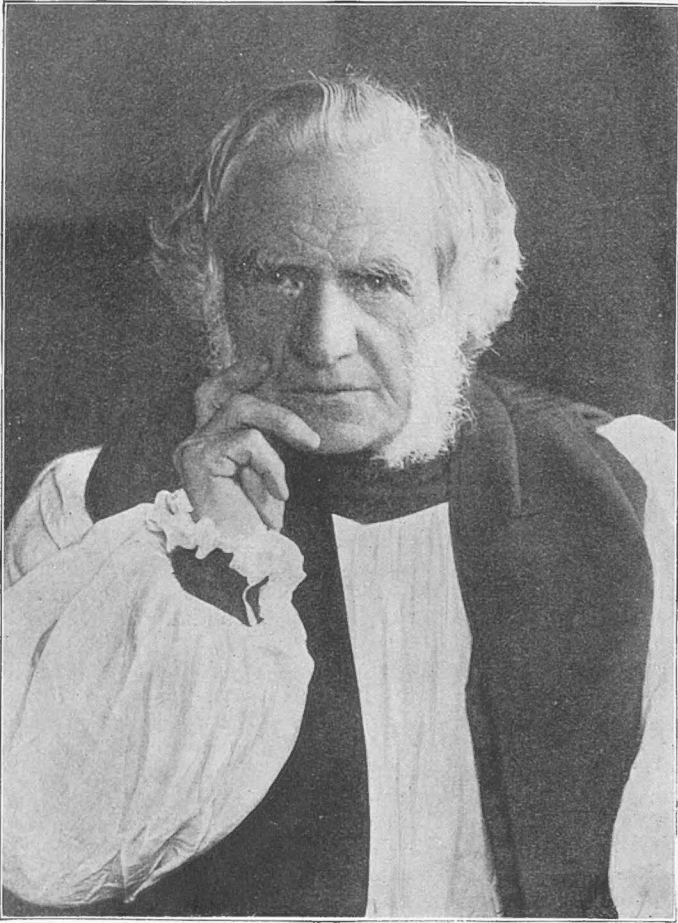


ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," AT COWES: PRINCESS VICTORIA'S BEDROOM.

Photo by Cribb, Southsea.

*The late
Dr. Westcott,
Bishop of Durham.*

When an English Bishop is spoken and thought of by his surname rather than by the name of his See, it may safely be assumed that the personality of the man bulks more largely in the public eye than does his office, great as it may be. The name of Dr. Westcott has been a familiar, indeed, a household word, amongst Churchmen for many years. Many of them had the privilege of his acquaintance, but all of them



THE LATE DR. WESTCOTT, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

knew him through his writings. And now he has passed away, in his seventy-seventh year, and only a few weeks after his wife. It is not too much to say that he has left no one like him on the Episcopal Bench; since the death of Bishop Stubbs and Bishop Mandell Creighton, no Bishop could be pronounced his equal. His nature was an extraordinary combination of the intellectual and the practical; his mind was keen, subtle, delicate, but at the same time he was an excellent man of business, with a great fund of common sense. Thus, if there was a dispute between masters and men in the county of Durham, both sides turned to the Bishop, sure of getting good advice from him.

His Career.

Dr. Westcott was educated at the good old Grammar School of Birmingham, King Edward's, and amongst his schoolfellows were Archbishop Benson and Dr. Lightfoot, who preceded him in the Bishopric of Durham. From Birmingham he went to Cambridge, where he took a First in Classics and was elected Fellow of Trinity. For something like twenty years he was Assistant-Master at Harrow, under Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Butler, and it was while he was at Harrow that he wrote several books which laid the foundation of his reputation as a religious author. In 1869 he became Canon of Peterborough; a year later, he was chosen Regius Professor of Divinity in his own University. Perhaps the famous edition of the Greek Testament he put forth in conjunction with Dr. Hart at this time will remain his chief monument. In 1883 he became Canon of Westminster; eleven years ago, Lord Salisbury offered him the See of Durham. The Prime Minister's choice was amply justified, and up in the North Dr. Westcott will be long revered.

*Lady Bindon
Blood.*

Lady Bindon Blood, wife of one of our most distinguished General Officers—who, though still at "the Front," has just been gazetted to the important command of the Punjab District—comes herself of good military stock, and, as a girl, knew

India well. Accordingly, she is admirably fitted to take over the duties of a leading Anglo-Indian hostess. Lady Bindon Blood has a young daughter to whom she is much devoted, and who is, notwithstanding her great youth, as keenly interested in military matters as are Miss Wolseley, Miss Buller, and little Miss White.

*"The Remainder of
the Session."*

Members are pairing for the remainder of the Session. Many have already gone; many others follow at the end of this week. The average Liberal as well as the Unionist has had enough of the Session. He wishes to get off to the Continent or to his shooting-box or to his yacht, far from the sight of the Mace and the sound of the obstructive's voice. Unfortunately, there are not enough of pairs for the Unionists. Nationalists do not pair nowadays, and the Liberal supply is limited. Some, therefore, of the Unionists who are panting for the country must wait a little longer or desert the Government in the hour of the division.

The Worn Whips.

Those Party officials who stand bareheaded in the Lobby and control the movements of the members have become worn with six months' work and worry. Mr. Fellowes has lost his brightness; Mr. Victor Cavendish looks as if he wished he were a Peer; even Mr. Anstruther, with coat of latest cut, fails to appear fresh; and Sir William Walrond, the Chief Whip of the Government, has a careworn face. On the other side, Mr. Herbert Gladstone at last sheds his boyish appearance. Party strife has made his position a peculiarly trying one. Mr. "Bobby" Spencer, with ties of the newest design and socks of latest stripe, gives a touch of colour to a sombre scene, but Captain Sinclair is much less elastic in Lobby gyrations than he was at the beginning of summer.

The Speaker.

Mr. Gully's heart must pant for the holidays. He sees the summer passing, and he sits in his chair, listening to speeches, settling points of order, almost steadily on the watch. Scenes have tried him severely. Since the police scene his relations with the Nationalists have been strained. The Nationalists challenge his rulings and snipe at his authority on every possible occasion. It is no wonder that now and again he seems nervous. To preserve the traditions and the reputation of Parliament while a section of the House seeks its degradation is an extremely trying task. Mr. Gully became Speaker at the age of sixty, and has been in the chair for fully six years. The period may seem short, but it is almost long enough for the nerves of any man.

*Mr. G. D. A.
Fleetwood
Wilson, C.B.*

Mr. Fleetwood Wilson has arrived in England from South Africa without the flourish of trumpets which has heralded the coming of many officials who have done more showy though not more useful service. Though his stay in South Africa was not a lengthy one, he accomplished much useful work, and all accounts agree as to the excellent understanding existing between him and Lord Kitchener, who is said to have derived much benefit from his sound and practical advice. Mr. Wilson, who has in his time filled many important and responsible positions in Government Departments at home and in Egypt, including Secretaryships to the Marquis of Hartington (Duke of Devonshire), the late Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Stanhope, and to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, resumes his duties as Assistant Under-Secretary of State for War, a position he has held since May 1898.



LADY BINDON BLOOD AND HER DAUGHTER.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

The "Daily Mail" and the War Office.

In view of the interest aroused by the controversy between the *Daily Mail* and the Secretary of State for War, the portraits published on this page should prove doubly acceptable to the many readers of these columns. Into the merits of the regrettable dispute *The Sketch* has no desire to enter, and it may be presumed that each party is well able to "keep his end up." It will be remembered that the incident commenced with the account sent home by the able War-Correspondent of the *Mail*, Mr. Edgar Wallace, of the killing of British wounded by the Boers at Vlakfontein. The truth of this was at first denied by the War Office, but, unfortunately, it has since turned out to be substantially correct and has been vouched for by eye-witnesses who participated in the fight. However, the ground of quarrel has now been shifted, for the *Daily Mail* has been accused by Mr. Brodrick of publishing statements on impending events based on secret official documents, and the Secretary of State for War has, therefore, cut off the supply of official news to that journal.



MR. EDGAR WALLACE,
THE WRITER OF THE SENSATIONAL WAR-
LETTERS IN THE "DAILY MAIL."

Photo by Barnard, Cape Town.

It is a most unfortunate affair from all points of view, for Mr. Brodrick must be sufficiently occupied with his great scheme of Army reorganisation and his Parliamentary duties, and can have little time to spare for other matters, and the *Mail* is such a bright and enterprising little journal that one cannot but regret that it should have fallen foul of the Secretary for War.

Major-General F. W. Hemming, C.B.

Although by far the greater part of the British Regular Army is now either engaged in active hostilities in South Africa or garrisoning our many foreign stations in India, Egypt, and other parts of the Empire, it is comforting to know that, besides the Provisional Regiments, the Household Cavalry, and the 21st Lancers at Dublin, we still have two splendid cavalry regiments, the "Queen's Bays" and the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, at Aldershot. These regiments, in conjunction with Mounted Infantry and Horse Artillery, have just completed a series of instructive manœuvres in the country between that station and Salisbury Plain, of which the peculiar feature was the use made of motor-cars. Major-General F. Wilson Hemming, who was in command, is an old officer of the "Green Horse" (5th Dragoon Guards), which achieved great distinction with General White at Ladysmith, and since.



MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE "DAILY MAIL."

Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

Corps. It may be that the emoluments are not sufficiently tempting to induce the medical student to abandon the hope of becoming a prosperous London or provincial medico, or the fierce criticism to which the Department has lately been subjected may have had a

deterrent effect. At any rate, the War Office has lately appointed a Committee to inquire into the matter, and three new members have been recently added who must command respect for their practical military attainments if for no other reason. The first of these is Major-General Sir Gerald de Courcy Morton, K.C.I.E., C.B., a distinguished veteran of the Hazara Expedition and the Afghan War, who started his military career in the Royal Warwicks and at one time commanded a battalion of the Munster Fusiliers, besides filling many important Indian Staff appointments. Colonel Sir E. W. D. Ward (the "best supply officer since Moses") is the second, and the gallant Commander of our latest Ashanti Expedition, Sir J. Willecocks, is the third. Though neither officer has had any practical experience as a "Sawbones," it may be presumed that their experience of war in three different parts of the globe has qualified them to give what may be considered an eminently sound opinion from the patients' point of view.

The Uniform of Tommy Atkins.

It is, I understand, the intention of Lord Roberts to introduce uniformity of costume into the British Army, and not before the change was needed. At the present time our brave lads seem to wear the most varied garbs. Sometimes the khaki is grey, at other times yellow, while the leggings are here "puttees," there gaiters, and, again, long boots. The hats, mostly of the "matinée" order, are ornamented with all sorts of queer buttons, feathers, and love-knots. Clearly there ought to be a distinct



RIGHT HON. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR,
WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN A GOOD DEAL BEFORE THE PUBLIC LATELY IN CONNECTION
WITH THE "DAILY MAIL."

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

uniform. I confess that lately, when meeting our warriors in the street, I have been irresistibly reminded of Alexandre Dumas' valiant but badly equipped forty-five Guardsmen who defeated the machinations of the Guises and the League.

A Ducal Party in Suburbia.

The Duchess of Northumberland, one of the most simple and gracious of great ladies, was "at Home" at Sion House to the many members of the Tuberculosis Congress on one of the rainiest days of late July. This, however, only gave those present a pleasanter afternoon than they would otherwise have enjoyed. Fine riverside gardens are many, but such a treasure-house as Sion House is in its way unique, especially in London Suburbia, and the Dukes of Northumberland have been well advised to remain faithful to the splendid palace at Putney which once afforded shelter to a peccant Queen—poor Catherine Howard.

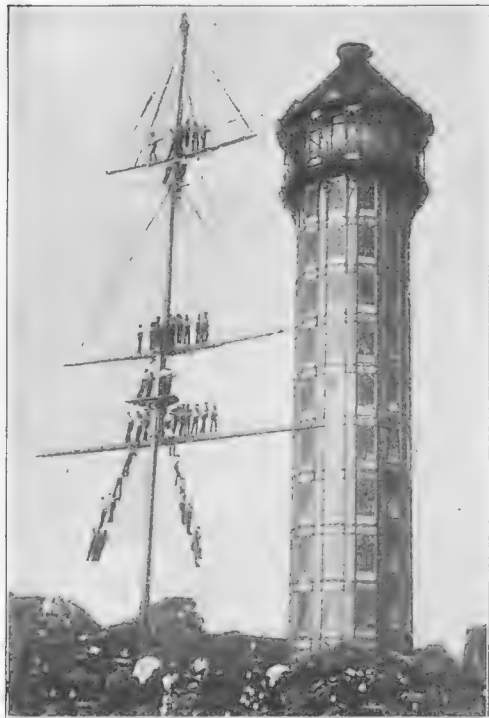
Royalty's Sister-in-Law.

The Duchess of Northumberland is in the peculiar position—as are, of course, all the daughters of the late Duke of Argyll—of being sister-in-law to a Royal Princess, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Argyll. Her Grace is the mother of a large family, the son and heir being Lord Percy, the clever young Member for Kensington, who has such pronounced views on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which is somewhat curious, as he is, like the rest of his father's family, an Irvingite.

The Grand Old Man of Electricity.

Mr. Joseph Wilson Swan, President of the Society of Chemical Industry, which has just been meeting in Glasgow, is the "Grand Old Man" of electricity to whom we mainly owe the incandescent electric-lamp in its present form. He was born at Sunderland seventy-two years ago, and by a

study of a book on the "Elements of Chemistry" was able to prepare hydrogen-gas before he was thirteen. He was trained as a chemist and got his early knowledge of electrical matters from the *Mechanic's Magazine*, experimented with a frictional electric-machine, and was ingenious enough to make himself a pair of boots. He ultimately became a partner with Mr. Mawson, chemist, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the manufacture of collodions for photography became a large part of the business; invented a method for increasing the sensitiveness of dry plates in photography; the autotype carbon process in photography; Woodbury type. Then came the invention and perfection of the



NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

NAVAL DRILL BY THE GREENWICH HOSPITAL BOYS

incandescent electric-lamp, a miner's electric safety-lamp, and much else. At his residence in Holland Park, London, two rooms are fitted up for his electrical experiments.

Scottish Bowlers at the Crystal Palace.

Golf has conquered in England as elsewhere: here is a new danger—or rather, game—ahead! A Scottish bowling team was lately invited by Dr. Grace to the Crystal Palace, in order to encourage the game in and around London. They had a match, when there was a majority for Scotland on both the games played of twenty shots. Dr. Grace arranged the match with Mr. Hamilton, Secretary of the Scottish Bowling Association, two rinks a side. Dr. Grace was most hospitable to the Scottish team and made the visit to the Crystal Palace an enjoyable one. Will London take to the game and give up open spaces to bowling, as is done in Edinburgh and elsewhere? She might do worse!

The Canterbury Cricket Week.

This year's festival at the "dear, sleepy old city"—it is by no means guilty of nodding during the Cricket Week—bids fair to be a greater success than that of last year, which was shadowed by the War and other serious events. The programme is one of attractive character both on and off the famous St. Lawrence Ground. Essex at the commencement of the week and Surrey at the end are the counties to be opposed by the Kentish side. "His Excellency the Governor," "A Society Saint," "The Tyranny of Tears," and "Six and Eightpence" are the pieces to be played by the "Old Stagers," with, of course, the Epilogue on Friday. The balls will take place at the Music Hall on Wednesday and Friday evenings. Then, on Thursday, the Dane John will be illuminated and a grand open-air concert held, vocal and instrumental. Dear old Canterbury Week! May your sky in the present year of grace be unsullied!

Athletics at Schools.

On the occasion of the prize distribution at the Mercers' School on July 25, Mr. Holmes Blakesley, Master of the Mercers' Company, spoke a word—and spoke it remarkably well and convincingly—on the subject of the cultivation of the body as well as of the mind. He also congratulated the Rev. D. L. Scott, M.A., LL.D., the distinguished Head Master, and his able staff on their success in every branch of the school life and education. The ex-Master's handsome silver medal for success in athletics was presented to a stalwart retiring scholar, Louis John Latey, who is succeeded in the editorship of the School Magazine by Willie Latey, who also holds a Mercers' School Scholarship.

Rifle Shooting at School.

Clayesmore School, Enfield, Middlesex, has an enviable reputation for manual work as a strong part of its curriculum in addition to the usual work of the schoolroom. The boys of this school,

amongst the various enterprises they have undertaken, have within this last two years erected rifle-butts and a range on the school estate, which has been affiliated to the National Rifle Association, and has been described by Colonel Crosse of the N.R.A. as one of the most complete miniature ranges in the country. It is a two-hundred-yards range, and in order to ensure perfect safety it has been necessary to erect behind the mantlets a huge embankment, which has necessitated the excavation and embanking of over six hundred tons of earth.

The Olszewska Affair.

M. Delcassé (writes my Paris Correspondent) has a new distinction: he has been fired on by a Russian Countess. This, for vacation-time, is doing very well. Already well known for his talents, there was wanting to him a touch of romance; and to a French Minister of Foreign Affairs who should supply the want if not an ally, if not a Russian? Madame Olszewska charged herself with filling the gap. M. Delcassé is not, that I know of, suspected of being a lady-killer. He has a charming wife and little family, and is, I believe, *très rangé*. But no one escapes his destiny. Also, his new halo glitters all the brighter that it has grown entirely out of international politics.

M. Leygues.

The French Minister of Education, M. Leygues, also has taken vacation-time to make himself famous. He has snubbed the French Academy, the sacrosanct; but if you are not a Frenchman you cannot understand the horror this act inspires. The Academy has straddled France for two hundred years; it is to-day a despotism within the Republic. It is considered infallible. M. Leygues refused to permit two of its members who wished it to make speeches at the closing exercises of the Lycées, these gentlemen being in active and notorious conflict with the politics of the Government. Nobody knows what is going to happen, but every orthodox Frenchman is expecting an earthquake to follow, at least.

Posthumous Daudet.

The Daudet family have discovered some manuscripts of the late Alphonse, and are said to be getting them in shape for the press. As the family are all dabblers in literature, the work naturally goes of itself. It must go so easily that it should be difficult to guarantee the late Alphonse's part. For myself, I had as soon read one as the other.

Novel by Rostand.

Edmond Rostand is writing a novel, they say, which will be published next winter. The doctors have forbidden him all work, but he considers that to write in prose is scarcely to work. Whereby we may remark that in literature, as elsewhere, things are by comparison.

Yvette as a Dramatist.

Yvette Guilbert is writing not only a book, but a play in three acts, which, says Antoine, will make a literary sensation. Yvette has proceeded like Schliemann when he went to dig up Troy, who stopped outside to make his fortune and then took his pickaxes to Greece. Formerly only the men were so well-advised, and Yvette is certainly a New Woman. Her play will be given by Antoine at the Théâtre-Libre.

French Motor-Carists.

The French motor-car sportsmen are gentlemen of resource. Since the Paris-Berlin race, the Government has forbidden them racing on the public road, but they have their plan—a delightful one. They propose to rent the Château of Chambord, near Orleans, and to turn it into an "Autodrome." This Château stands in the midst of a large domain which is circled by a roadway some thirty kilometres round. This road, being on the domain, is private. They propose to make of it an automobile racecourse. The Château will serve to lodge the Club and its guests, and every year, on the occasion of the races, they will give there splendid fêtes. This Château was built by Francis I., and was given, in 1821, to the Duke of Chambord, otherwise known as Henry V. It belongs to-day to the ducal house of Parma. Nothing is too good for the motor-carists.

"Figaro's" Strange History.

Both parties engaged in the fight for the *Figaro* seem agreed upon one point, and that is, whoever wins, the spoils will be hardly worth taking. Originally its shares were at 1540 francs for a 500-franc share. Its profits were close on £90,000 a-year. To-day the revenue for the first quarter of the year is admittedly so small that, instead of a 35 per cent.



CLAYESMORE SCHOOL RIFLE-RANGE: A SQUAD FIRING FROM THE 100-YARDS BASE.

dividend, as for last year, there will be no dividend at all, but a big deficit. It may appear astounding to many to read that the Editorial Department costs the journal £36,000 a-year, particularly as it is saddled with no cost for Foreign Correspondents (who telegraph), except M. Paul Villars in London. But the *Figaro* has always been recklessly generous to its contributors. Zola at one time touched £2000 a-year for his occasional articles; Alfred Capus had a comfortable income for his little skits; Henri Fouquier, as dramatic critic, is the most highly salaried in the world; and how many London editors for writing forty lines a-day receive the £1200 that was paid to Cornély? The *Figaro* has a great name, and, as everyone is agreed that the days of a three-halfpenny are over, it would do well to fall into line with its up-to-date competitors and come down to the modest penny.

The King of Italy. It seems, from a story going the rounds, that the young King of Italy has not the calm indifference of public opinion of his Ally, the German Emperor. A courtier suggested to him that he should disguise himself as a student and go into the cafés, just as Peter the Great did. "Yes," said the King, "Peter the Great had the right to hang those who said anything disagreeable, and I have not."

Madame Du Barry's House. It does not surprise me that no one came forward to offer eighteen thousand francs for the house of Madame Du Barry at Versailles. When Louis XV. died, the first thing that the Du Barry did was to get rid of it, for it is small and stuffy and absolutely insanitary. The auctioneer particularly emphasised the fact that the huge bath-room in the form of an oratory remained intact, but in these unpoetic days a man buys a house and puts in a bath, and does not buy a bath-room in order to have a house.

Coppée and the Baker's Boy. An amusing story has just leaked out about François Coppée. The poet was tortured morning, noon, and night by the quaint humour of the baker's boy, who had quarrelled with the cook, and who, when time lay heavy on his hands, gave a violent tug at the garden bell and ran off. Coppée lay in wait, and, directly he heard the bell, he opened the gate and shouted "Sale polisson!" He found himself face to face with a brother Academician.

Held Up. One of the most famous French Generals has held up a train in the heart of France. He had been ordered to immediately rejoin his regiment, and, being late for the train, which ran through his estate, he improvised a red flag and waved it frantically. The driver pulled up, but the unfortunate officer was not only not allowed to board it, but he found to his regret that seven different sections of the Code dealt with his little eccentricity.



MISS JULIE MYERS,

ONE OF THE LADIES WHO PLAYED IN THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE MONEY SPINNER," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE, IN AID OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Copyright Photo by Garet-Charles, Regent's Park, N.W.

The Latest Parisian Beauty.

Paris (adds my Correspondent in the Gay Capital) has been taken by storm by the beauty and talent of Madame Signe Lund Skabo, who has had from such high quarters as the *Times* the praise of being "the most interesting composer of the younger Scandinavian school." She inherits her musical talent from her mother, for her father had sterner



MADAME SKABO, THE LATEST PARISIAN BEAUTY.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

things to think of as Port Commandant of Christiania, where she was born. Her sister, Mdle. Lund, is already famous in America, and holds the position of Professor of Singing at Syracuse University. Her first compositions, published early in her teens, immediately attracted the attention of Maestro Edward Grieg, and it was at his instance that she went to Berlin and Paris, where her compositions have caused a furore. She is fond of society, as is every beautiful woman, but she has a hobby that her friends have reason to appreciate, and that is a love for concocting novel soups and new dressings for fish, flesh, and fowl. The photograph that *The Sketch* publishes has an interest. A London musical publisher offered her an increased sum to allow her photograph to be given on the cover. She declined, but charmingly made an exception for *The Sketch*, for which she specially sat. Madame Skabo regards the English, by the way, as the most level-minded judges of modern music in Europe.

A Novel Insurance. M. Santos-Dumont has succeeded in effecting an insurance policy on his balloon. This is the first case of the kind on record. It is, however, pretty certain that the subsequent proceedings will interest Dumont no more, if the accident occurs on a voyage.

Wine for Nothing. An astounding but well-documented story comes from Epernay. So tremendous is the stock of *vin ordinaire* in hand that it is selling at a farthing a litre, and 29,000 hectolitres of a superior quality actually fetched no more than fourteenpence a litre.

The New Comédienne. Mdle. Pierat, at the early age of fifteen, has secured the first prize for comedy at the Conservatoire, and almost as soon as her name was mentioned managers were fighting for her. Meanwhile, she had hurried off to the Church of St. Cécile and was offering up prayers of thanks. She will, I fancy, make her début at the Odéon, the home of all great artistes, from Sarah Bernhardt downwards.

For the Sick and Wounded in S.A. Mrs. Kenneth Maclachlan (whose husband is at present Governor of Mafeking) deserves the hearty thanks of the community at large for her kindness in organising performances of "The Money Spinner" in aid of the sick and wounded in South Africa. One such performance has already taken place at the Comedy Theatre, and others are to be given in London and the neighbourhood shortly. Miss Julie Myers is a beautiful member of Mrs. Maclachlan's amateur company. Other players include Miss Gladys Maclachlan, Captain Sellar (Royal Dragoons), and Captain Bagot, M.P.

New Marble Bust of the King. On Tuesday of last week His Majesty inspected a clay model of the marble bust that Mr. T. V. Bowater, C.C., is about to present to the Corporation of the City of London. The King, I am told, was particularly pleased with the model, and graciously accorded to Mr. Walter Merrett, the sculptor, a private sitting of nearly an hour's duration.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



HOW I SOUGHT SOLITUDE—AND FOUND IT.

A TRAGEDY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

PROLOGUE.

I AM about to tell you, my dear young lady, of one of the most unhappy times that I ever spent. I am aware that it is no privilege of a fool to be unhappy, but it has been so often borne in upon me that unpicturesque misery is the most diverting thing on earth that I must plead the callousness of the general as my excuse for dwelling, in a very few chapters, upon my private misfortune.

It all happened through an advertisement in a daily paper, under the heading of

"SEASIDE AND COUNTRY LODGINGS."

In that peevish, condescending kind of mood that we all affect if we cannot make up our minds where to go for our holidays, I was glancing down this column when my hypercritical eye lighted on the word CORNWALL. Now, I had never been to Cornwall, and, furthermore, I was just in that state of mind when one's own company seems to be infinitely preferable to that of anybody else. The advertisement went on to explain that, for a ridiculously small sum per week, lodgings and board were to be obtained in a farmhouse on the North Cornish coast situated at least ten miles from anywhere.

"The very place!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"Where's that?" said Chippers.

Chippers, by the way, is a man I know in the Club who has contracted a foolish habit of coming up behind you very quietly and making his presence known at the exact moment when you are about to drink some lemonade. The one redeeming point about him is that he doesn't do it because he

thinks it funny. If he were possessed of a desire to be humorous, he would have been killed many midnights ago, but, luckily for him, he isn't. As a proof of that, I may tell you that he collects butterflies.

"What an ass you are, Chippers!" I snarled, mopping my waistcoat and the newspaper.

"Sorry," said Chippers. "Where is it?"

"If you mean 'What is it?'" I replied aggrievedly, "I'll have a ginger-beer and peppermint."

Sighing deeply, he gave the order. Then I relented, and showed him the advertisement.



"WHERE'S THAT?"
SAID
CHIPPERS.

"You see," I explained, full of my new and glorious idea, "these are evidently simple folk who don't know their business. It is quite likely that they have never let lodgings before in all their lives."

"H'm!" said Chippers. "It doesn't say anything about extras."

"Of course not!" I retorted. "That goes to prove my point. Why, man, the whole thing's as clear as daylight. Here are these dear, honest

fools, with a lovely place on their hands that's much too big for them, and some passing traveller has suggested that they might make a few

extra shillings in the summer months by taking in poets, and authors, and bug-hunters, and people of that kind."

"Why bug-hunters?" said Chippers.

"Oh, I don't know! Why not?"

It was the truth. I didn't know. But I suppose the peppermint must have warmed my heart, and I felt the need of a companion.

"Now I come to think of it," said Chippers, "I am told there are some very fine specimens of Painted Ladies to be found on the North Cornish coast."

"Good heavens!" I shouted; "the man's off his head!"

"Don't get excited," said Chippers. "The Painted Lady is, literally, a rather rare kind of butterfly that can only be obtained in certain districts. I believe this is one of the best places in England for them."

"Then that settles it. We'll write now, engage the rooms for a fortnight, and have a simply ideal time. Think of it, my boy! Sun, sea-breezes, lovely scenery, and the whole country to ourselves! I call it grand!"

"I wonder what the food will be like?" said Chippers. He never quite gets away from the bestial.

"Food?" I said, with a comprehensive sweep of the hand. "Plain, of course, but excellent of its kind and well-cooked. These farmers' wives know how to cook, especially in lonely districts where they have no gadding-about to do. And then, think of the milk and the butter and the eggs, and the—well, all the other things that you get in farmhouses.

Why, you simply won't know yourself in a week's time, and, at the end of the fortnight, you'll have forgotten that such things as dust and indigestion ever existed. Glorious idea, I call it!"

"We shall see," said Chippers.

CHAPTER I.—LOST ON THE MOOR.

Picture to yourself, dear lady, a lonely moor, a night dark as pitch, a heavy shower of rain, and two cyclists of the occasional variety absolutely exhausted and hopelessly lost. Then you will understand why it was that my temper got out of hand when Chippers raised his voice in the darkness and said, "This isn't much fun, old man, is it?"

The remark, don't you see, was so utterly fatuous and unnecessary. Of course it wasn't much fun! There we were, three parts starved, drenched to the skin, miles and miles from anywhere, and without the least chance of meeting anybody who could tell us the way to our farm, and an ass like that must needs emphasise the fact by—!

I flung my machine from me, sat down in a watercourse—it was the least wet place I could find—and asked Chippers, as being the stouter man, and therefore likely to live the longer, to make a mental note of my last wishes and directions. And then an altogether unexpected thing happened. Chippers got an idea. It was in this way. He was feeling in his waistcoat-pocket for his fountain-pen, preparatory to taking down my will on the lining of his hat, when he chanced to come across a pocket-compass on the end of his watch-chain.

(To be Continued.)



"THIS ISN'T MUCH
FUN, OLD MAN,
IS IT?"



Tom B.

"Chips"



MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AS ISABELLA IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY. BAKER STREET, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HEBER CLARK (Max Adeler), the author of "Out of the Hurly-Burly," has been paying a short visit to London. It is good news that he is about to publish a new humorous book, to be called "Captain Bluit." For too many years he has been engaged in writing on economic subjects and in editing trade journals. In these days the humorist has a mission he has no right to neglect.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who has now recovered from his recent rather serious accident, is hard at work on a new novel upon which he has been engaged for some years past. It may be expected late this autumn.

I hear from one who has been in constant communication with Tolstoy that his friends attribute his severe illness to worry caused by his excommunication from the Russian Church. I hardly think this is likely. Tolstoy himself received the news with perfect indifference, but several members of his family, particularly his wife, made heroic attempts to have the ban removed.

Mr. Barry Pain has collected a number of his delightful "De Omnibus" papers from *To-Day*, and Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish shortly a volume by "The Conductor."

Ian Maclaren's "Life of the Master" will be issued this autumn in a magnificent *édition-de-luxe* form, with a number of separate plates printed in colours from the drawings of an artist who has visited Palestine in connection with the work.

"Ralph Connor" (in real life, the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg), the author of "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot," which have met with remarkable success on both sides of the Atlantic, has written his first long novel, which will be issued this autumn under the title "The Man from Glengarry." Glengarry is an old Canadian Highland settlement, and the story deals with the life and adventures of a young Highlander from Glengarry among the rough lumbermen of the valleys and foothills.

The famous French scientist and politician, M. Berthelot, has for the last ten years been steadily at work on his memoirs, which, considering his intimacy with all the great men of France, especially with Renan, should certainly prove a most valuable work. Berthelot is the author of over seven hundred scientific works of one kind and another, but the most remarkable thing in his career is that he might easily have become a millionaire several times over had he taken out patents for his inventions. He has, however, steadily refused to make money from his discoveries.

I have obtained some further particulars of the life of the amazing Russian author, Gor'ki, to whom I referred last week, and whose books are selling by thousands. Gor'ki is a real tramp. For thirty years he has wandered all over Russia, doing odd jobs for a living, and the curious thing is that, now he is famous and comparatively wealthy, he refuses to quit his old life. "I like," he confesses, "to go about in the meanest streets of towns, because, though everything there is dirty, it is all simple and sincere; or else to wander about on the high-roads and across green fields, because that refreshes one morally, and needs no more than a pair of good legs to carry one." In his collection of stories, "Konovalov," he tells how he was born outside the pale of Society, and still cannot endure "the sickly refinements, the infinite complications," of Russian culture.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Right of Way," will be published early in the autumn. Those who have read it as it appeared serially in *Harper's Magazine* prophesy for it one of the great successes of the year. It is certainly the strongest piece of work Mr. Parker has done.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler has completed her new novel, "Fuel of Fire," which will be published serially in the *Woman at Home*. It is a story with a strong plot and an engrossing mystery.

I hear that there is some prospect of Professor Goldwin Smith writing his autobiography. It should prove a most valuable book. It ought to bear on the title-page the very striking apologia which

Professor Goldwin Smith delivered to a Canadian audience: "Regrets, and even bitter regrets, all mortals have. Disappointment I have none."

Quite a series of legends has grown up as to the relations between Zola and his publishers. Here are, I believe, the actual facts. In 1862 Zola entered the publishing house of Hachette, where he was head of the publishing department. He received a hundred francs a-month there, and, later, this was raised to two hundred. He left in 1866 to take up the literary columns in the *Figaro*. Several years later he made a curious bargain with Lacroix—not Charpentier, as has been usually stated. He was to write a novel every six months which Lacroix was to publish and to advance to the author three thousand francs, making six thousand francs a-year. But, as the publisher could hardly hope to make such a profit on these two books, Zola was to make it up by giving him a lien on the profits of his other works written for newspapers. He was to make arrangements for the serial publication of his works, and in this manner pay back Lacroix. When Lacroix failed, Zola owed him several thousand francs. Charpentier offered to take Lacroix's bargain off his hands, and Lacroix sold his connection with Zola to the new publisher, who soon began to have the best of the bargain. Zola always speaks in the highest terms of Charpentier's generous treatment, for, as soon as his books began to sell largely, the old agreement was cancelled and a royalty paid on all copies sold from the date when Charpentier first began to publish Zola's works. o. o.

SARAH BERNHARDT "AT SEA"

"Rocher-les-Aiguilles" is the site of the great actress's island home, situated on the most picturesque coast of Belle-Ile. By day and by night, year in and year out, turbulent waves are to be seen breaking over the rocks; sea-birds cluster there in thousands, uttering their shrill cries, and the Imperial eaglet who has deigned to descend into their midst has gratified a wild taste in selecting this spot for a roosting-place.

The house is, in reality, a fort dating from the year 1750, and purchased by Sarah Bernhardt for the sum of £80. This seems incredibly little, but it is even whispered that, but for the name and fame of this illustrious bidder, the fort would have been knocked down to a humble Belle-Ilois for 1200 francs, or £48. It has been very much restored, painted white,

and surrounded by modern buildings erected for use rather than beauty. The *Châtelaine* returned a few days ago, and the fort was decked with welcoming flags, which have duly given place to the one signal which denotes the presence or absence of the owner. Sarah Bernhardt has numerous visitors, and, when her own little yacht cannot accommodate the flock in pursuit of this eaglet, the—dare one say?—penny-steamer of the Morbihan is chartered to convey the remainder back to civilisation.

Belle-Ile is one of the finest islands in the group composing the corner of Brittany called the Morbihan; it contains four towns, several Coastguard stations, and five lighthouses. Many parts of the coast are unapproachable on account of the treacherous rocks which stretch far out into the sea, below the surface, and make access impossible except to small rowing-boats.

There is also a village of great interest, owing to its church, which contains a genuine Murillo. It is said that the great painter presented it to and painted it for the villagers, who had saved him from shipwreck off their coast. Many thousands of pounds have been refused for this Madonna, whose historical interest adds to its intrinsic value.

Sauzon is the name of the nearest town to the fort, but it is some distance away, and the spot itself is, as I have already said, of the wildest. The port of Sauzon, filled with bright little fisher-smacks, and glowing with almost Italian colouring, forms a strange contrast to the rock-bound coast and the rough sea beyond, where the porpoises sport and circle in numbers. The curious formation of the rocks round the fort has caused the inhabitants to christen them the "Dog Rock," the "Lion Rock," &c. Sarah Bernhardt's choice of a home is characteristic of the originality and daring which, as attributes of her genius, have raised her to the undisputed rank of first tragédienne of her country and this age.



SARAH BERNHARDT "AT SEA": THE ISLAND HOME OF THE GREAT ACTRESS.

Photo by Miss Violet Ker Seymer, Cromwell Road, S.W.



WET JACKET ARM,
WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ON BOARD H.M.S. "OPHIR" PASSED WHEN LEAVING NEW ZEALAND.

ARTISTS AT HOME: W. DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I.

THERE are those who would have us believe that art has no mission save that of pleasing, and, by such, any endeavour, on the part of painter, poet, novel-writer, or dramatist, to *teach* is regarded with superior contempt. The pages of *The Sketch* are not the place in which to enter upon a lengthy discussion of that question, and it is not

my intention to do so. But it is my privilege to give, this week, one or two glimpses of an "Artist at Home" whose work renders us disinclined to accept the theory quoted. By all means, let the painter whose sole aim is to delight the eye continue in the path he has chosen, for to him we owe much—but art does not stop there!

Mr. W. Douglas Almond, R.I., whose initials, "W. D. A.," are familiar to readers of *The Sketch*, has not been denied by Nature a keen perception and appreciation of the Beautiful, but he has chosen, as an artist, to labour often



MR. DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I., AT WORK.

in fields where little else but squalor, misery, and ugliness is ever seen. "But why on earth go there?" our old friend Harold Skimpole will ask. Why? Simply because there is all too much truth in the saying that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and, what is worse, will not take the trouble to find out. Only by means of pen, pencil, and brush can many people be made to realise to any extent at all how the poor live, and the artist who helps to bring hard facts, unpleasant and unwelcome as they may be, home to them, that they may be brought at last to recognise their duty towards "the submerged"—and act up to it—may surely feel that he has not laboured in vain.

It is for this reason that I shall speak more particularly of Mr. Almond's illustrative work, notwithstanding the fact that his skill as a painter has won for him the membership of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and that his "Camille Desmoulins" (reproduced in these pages some time ago) was selected by the judges at Paris last year for honourable mention.

Those who have studied *The Illustrated London News* during the past ten or twelve years will certainly not have forgotten many graphic word-pictures of the seamy side of life—"The Salvation Army Social Scheme," "East-End Lodging-Houses," "Dock Strikes," "Cabs and Cabmen," and others, the force of which has been in no small measure due to the telling illustrations of this artist. In the execution of these he has not been content to remain in his studio and draw upon imagination for types, but has searched alley and "doss-house," workhouse and dock-side, slum and "Salvation Shelter," cab-rank and coffee-stall, for his models, and has placed them before us to the life.

One incident in this East-End work, instinct with true pathos, must be recorded. A sketch was published of a poor, wretched Lancashire family—mother, father, and tiny children—in a bare and miserable room. They had come up to "Lunnon" to seek their fortune, and found, alas! that the streets were *not* paved with gold. But, a day or two after its appearance, the Editor received a postal-order from a village in the County of Cotton as a mite for aid of the group portrayed—and that from a "mill-hand"!

But Mr. Almond's sketches have sometimes had other sequels! On another occasion, his presence was peremptorily requested at Scotland Yard, and he made his way thither wondering, to discover that an inmate of a certain workhouse, whom he had drawn from life, was "wanted" by the New York Police, who, seeing and immediately recognising his clever portrait, had wired for further information—striking testimony to the fidelity of this artist's impressions! Upon inquiries being made, however, the bird had flown, and Mr. Almond did not seem particularly regretful in relating the fact.

In the photographs accompanying these brief notes we have two "snaps" of our artist himself, in one of which appears a choice little collection of pewter and other nicknacks; and a cosy little corner of the studio in Regent's Park Road, where art and hospitality go hand-in-hand.

Last, but not least, I must not omit to mention that Mr. Douglas Almond is one of the "moving spirits" of the Langham Sketching Club, of which he has been a member—and there is none more popular—for a number of years.

R. D. B.

THE TRIALS OF UNDERSTUDIES.

Understudies are not to be envied, for they have to attend all rehearsals and then themselves rehearse for some weeks after production. They are required to be in the theatre for each performance half-an-hour before the curtain goes up, and remain until after the first Act, or, should the principal be at all unwell, to remain throughout the whole evening. If they happen to play, they are thrown on at a moment's notice, but, should the principal be likely to be absent for more than "a show," someone else "with a name" is specially engaged. In costume-plays the understudy wears the principal's dresses, whether they fit or no, but, in modern plays some old dresses are requisitioned from the wardrobe, and the understudy must do the best she can with these. Such are only a few of the trials of the understudy, and yet every season sees more and more applicants for berths of this kind. Funny world, isn't it?

LORD PAUNCEFOTE.

Lord Pauncefote, who has just been indulging in the unwonted luxury of being interviewed in America apropos of the Nicaragua Canal, was once the hero—or the victim—of a decidedly American form of journalism. While riding in a tram-car down one of the streets in Washington, just as if he were one of the most ordinary mortals in the world, and not the representative of British interests, a journalist jumped on to the car. He had often met Sir Julian, as he then was, and, going up to him, he passed the time of day with the Ambassador, and then affably got into conversation with him. Incidentally the journalist asked one or two leading questions, and Sir Julian replied. The journalist went home and turned the conversation into "copy." It was cabled to London and printed in one of the leading papers, with the result that Lord Salisbury cabled back again to the United States to know the exact facts of the case. At one time it looked as if the most brilliant Ambassador England has ever had in the United States was in for a very bad quarter-of-an-hour. Instead of denying the authenticity of the interview, as he might easily have done, Sir Julian Pauncefote acknowledged the conversation, but naïvely added that he did not know he was being interviewed.

His family goes back some eight centuries, for it is known that they held land at the time of the Conqueror under the name of Pensafort, and the Anglicised name was originally Pauncefort. In connection with his ancestry, an anecdote is told which might furnish a plot



AN ARTISTIC CORNER IN MR. ALMOND'S STUDIO.

for a Kipling short story. During the War of the Crusades, Sir Grimbald Pauncefote was taken prisoner by the Saladin. All efforts to obtain his release were fruitless, but the Saladin at length consented to deliver him up if his young wife, Lady Sybil, would send her white hand as a present. As soon as the girl heard the condition, she did not hesitate for a moment, but had her hand cut off and sent it to the Saladin. Many years after, the bodies of Sir Grimbald and his wife were exhumed, and the bones of only one hand were found.



"QUITE STILL, PLEASE! THANK YOU!"

PRETTY AND PROMISING LONDON UNDERSTUDIES.



MISS DAISY THIMM,
Understudying Miss Ellaline Terriss as Joan in
"Sweet and Twenty," at the Vaudeville.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS MABEL HACKNEY,
A leading member of Sir Henry Irving's Company and
Understudy to Miss Ellen Terry.
Photo by Lottie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



MISS OLIVE BASHFORD,
Who Understudies Miss Jessie Bateman in
"The Man from Blankley's."
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS OLIVE TEMPLE.
Understudying Miss Winifred Emery in "The Second in
Command," at the Haymarket.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS FRANCES DILLON,
A member of Mr. Tree's Company, who Understudied
Miss Lily Brayton as Viola in "Twelfth Night."
Photo by Langfrier, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS GRETA HAHN,
Who Understudies Mrs. Martin Harvey in
"A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."
Photo by Huna, Bedford Street, Strand



MISS FANNY DANGO,
One of the Principal Understudies in "The Silver Slipper,"
at the Lyric, and a Sister of Miss Letty Lind.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



MISS WINIFRED FRASER,
Understudy to Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the
Royalty Theatre.
Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND,
Playing the second leading part in "A Royal Necklace"
on tour, and Understudying Mrs. Langtry.
Photo by Gubell, Eccleston Street, S.W.

BADEN-POWELL AND HIS WORK.

OF all the host of fighting-men who have been actively employed at "the Front" for the past year and a-half, there is scarcely one, it may be safely asserted, who has had his career more closely watched by his comrades-in-arms at home than has the gallant soldier who is everywhere known as "B.-P." From the very day that the War broke out, it was felt that so keen and smart an officer as the British Commandant at Mafeking could not fail to distinguish himself in South Africa; before the campaign had been in progress any appreciable time the impression was proved to be well-founded.

To tell even a tithe of Baden-Powell's exploits in the Boer campaign in which our troops are still engaged would occupy a volume. Indeed, one might easily fill a substantial book in chronicling his share in the defence of Mafeking alone, without saying anything of the splendid work he afterwards performed in clearing the enemy from vast tracts of country, and organising his famous police force. This latter achievement is of itself a lasting monument to his name.

One of the chief qualities of Generalship is ability to get the best out of others. This quality is possessed in a remarkable degree by Baden-Powell. It is to this fact, indeed, that military men ascribe the prolonged stand made by Mafeking against the desperate odds that beset it during its seven months of siege. Under a Commandant less endowed with this attribute than he was, the hard-pressed little town must inevitably have succumbed long ere relief reached it. Baden-Powell's unceasing cheerfulness, however, his readiness to share hardships with his subordinates, and his unflagging energy, all combined to put the garrison on their mettle and to inspire them with a grim determination to hold on to the bitter end. As a Correspondent wrote of him some little time ago, while the siege was still in progress, "He is always smiling. To see 'B.-P.' go whistling down the street, deep in thought, cheerful and confident, is more cheering and heartening than a pint of dry champagne."

The good work that Baden-Powell performed during the siege of Mafeking was continued in the months that followed the town's relief. With Earl Roberts he went northwards by slow degrees, conducting

en route quite a number of respectable little skirmishes with the Boers which a less modestly inclined man would have described as "severe battles." In several instances, however, "B.-P." did not take the trouble to even report their occurrence to his superiors, and, when questioned on the subject, blandly replied that he did not consider them "worth mentioning." When a man has defended a garrison against a numerically superior force for something like seven months, he may be pardoned for thinking but little of an odd day's fighting.

After the anxiety and hard work he had gone through between October 1899 and June 1900, Baden-Powell was more than entitled to a

holiday. It was characteristic of him, however, to decline to avail himself of any suggestion for leaving South Africa. He felt that there was much yet to be done before any officer who still retained his health and strength should give up his post even temporarily. The fact is, "B.-P." was one of the very few men who were sufficiently far-seeing to be aware that the War was by no means over, despite the surrender of Cronjé and the fall of Pretoria. He used his best endeavours, accordingly, to induce his superiors to take this view at the time when, lulled by a sense of fancied security, the bulk of the Army in South Africa gave itself up to several weeks of rest. It is to be greatly regretted that his counsels were overruled; as a result, the enemy were able to reinforce themselves and to continue the struggle with renewed vigour.

While work yet remained to be done for the Flag, the defender of Mafeking busied himself with clearing such tracts of country as he was entrusted

with the supervision of. The splendid manner in which he carried out this duty earned him the highest praise of Earl Roberts. His next concern was the raising of the famous police force with which law and order are to be preserved in this newly acquired territory. In this he has been no less successful, for all ranks of the new corps are described as being thoroughly imbued with their leader's spirit. Now that everything is in good working-order, "B.-P." has at last been enabled to take a well-earned respite from his labours. His holiday, however, is to be only a short one, for he returns to South Africa at the end of October. On arrival there, he will probably take up a much more important appointment than any he has yet held.

II. W.



WELCOME HOME TO THE HERO OF MAFKING!

MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL AT THE HOUSE OF CAPTAIN M'LAREN. THIS IS THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH (BY WILDMAN AND CO., OF WOKING) TAKEN OF THE GENERAL SINCE HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.



LADY VICTORIA INNES-KER.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

CORONATION CURIOSITIES.

THE KING'S CHAMPION.

And now will I be Edward's Champion,
And whoso'er gainsays King Edward's right
By this I challenge him to single fight.—SHAKSPERE.

A KNIGHT fully clad in armour of polished steel inlaid with gold and silver, mounted on a spirited charger splendidly caparisoned and adorned with gorgeous trappings as for a tilting tournament, the knight supported by mounted noblemen on each side and preceded by heralds and trumpeters in State-costumes, majestically marching up Westminster Hall towards the dais where the King was dining on his Coronation Day, must have been a sight well worth seeing, and once seen not soon forgotten. But it is doubtful if there is anyone living who can remember the Coronation of 1821. Most accounts of such regal ceremonies agree in describing the incident of

THE CHAMPION'S CHALLENGE

during the banquet as the most fascinatingly attractive part of the whole proceedings. The "service" of the King's Champion is undoubtedly "the most striking relic of feudalism that has come down to us from the ages of chivalry." In this opinion of Huish, the historian of the Coronation of George IV., I completely concur, and can only regret that

the space at my command will merely permit me to take a hasty peep at the proceedings incident to the Championship from the inauguration of Richard II. in 1377, when the Champion—a Dymoke—threw down the gauntlet, down to the last appearance of the Champion—still a Dymoke—in 1821.

SCRIVELSBY MANOR.

An inquisition held in 7th Edward III. (1333) described the Manor of Scrivelsby, near Horncastle in Lincolnshire, as being held in Grand Serjeantry, and that it was originally held by the ancient family of Marmyon for the service of finding on Coronation Day "a Knight who shall prove, by his body if need be, that the King is the true and rightful heir to the Kingdom." The Ludlows succeeded the Marmyons, and then, by marriage, the Dymokes became Lords of the Manor, and the Championship has remained in the family ever since. The pedigrees of the successive Lords, embellished with beautifully emblazoned coats-of-arms, adorned the grand hall of the ancient mansion till it was destroyed by fire in 1761—singularly enough, during the time that

THE THEN CHAMPION, JOHN DYMOKE,

was attending the Coronation of George III. This singular coincidence was, in Lincolnshire at least, looked upon as ominous of the approaching end of the Championship, and sure enough it was, for there was only one more Coronation at which the services of the King's Champion were required.

The title of the claimant for the Championship to the Manor of Scrivelsby has not always gone unchallenged; indeed, at the

CORONATION OF CHARLES II.

there were three petitioners before the Court of Claims, but it is not recorded that the contestants decided the question of title by trial of battle. The Coronation of William and Mary was in many respects peculiar, notably in the fact that it was the first Coronation when both King and Queen were Sovereigns in their own right. One peculiar result of this state of affairs was that many of the claims were made in duplicate, and the Champion himself actually petitioned for two sets of fees, on the ground that his service was now double, for he was to maintain by battle the titles of both the King and the Queen, but he got only one set of fees.

It is worthy of observation that at one time and for a long period the

Champion and his escort formed one of the most attractive parts of the procession from the Tower, and he gave the challenge at several places in the City as he rode along. This custom seems to commend itself as being much more consistent than the later plan of giving the challenge after the Coronation, when, of course, it would have been too late. People often ask if the challenge was ever accepted. Well, apparently never in earnest, but it is on record that, at

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE III.,

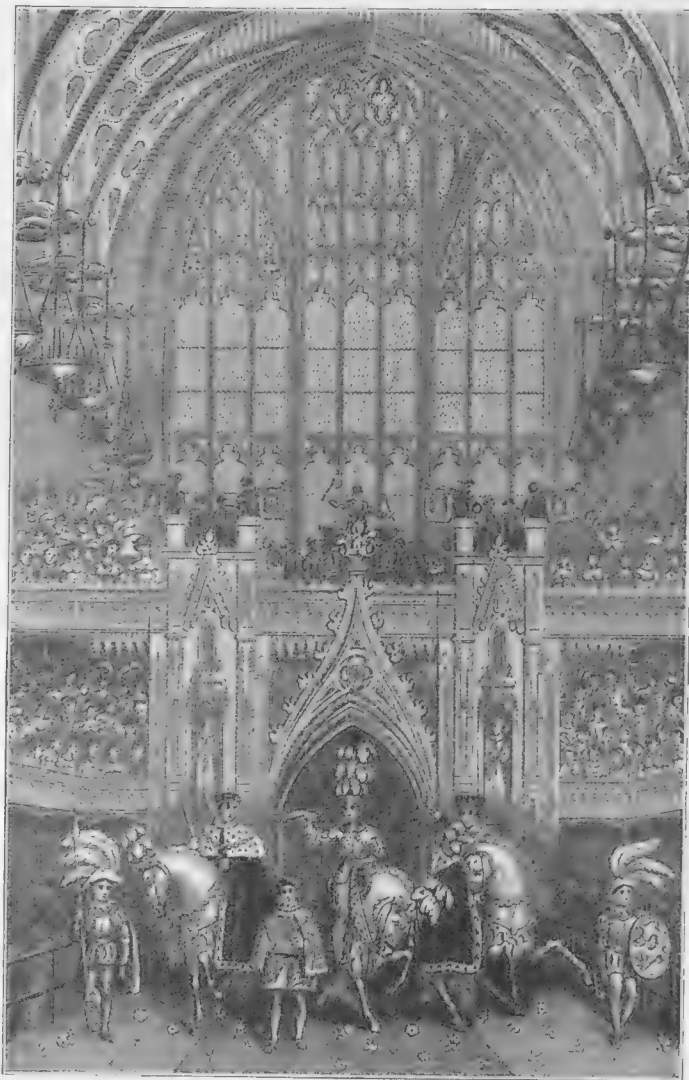
when the gauntlet was thrown down for the third time, a white glove fell from one of the galleries at the Champion's feet. He thought it was a lady's glove, and smilingly inquired who was his fair opponent; and there the episode ended, so far as concerned the ceremony in Westminster Hall, but it was persistently whispered about that the Young Pretender had been present in female attire, and had thrown the glove.

The story was discredited at the time, but the historian Hume, in a letter to Sir J. Pringle, the Earl-Marshal, dated Feb. 10, 1773, distinctly states that the Pretender was present, and might therefore have thrown, and probably did throw, the glove in reply to the Champion's challenge.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

in his graphic account of the Coronation of George IV., speaking of the Champion, describes him as "a fine-looking youth, but bearing perhaps a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in a King's behalf." Considering that the Champion was clad completely in armour, with only his eyes, nose, and mouth visible, Sir Walter must have taken a little of the allowable poetic licence in his description. But, Sir Walter continued, "he threw down his gauntlet with becoming manhood and managed his horse splendidly." So the young middy won golden opinions and made memorable the last challenge of a King's Coronation Champion.

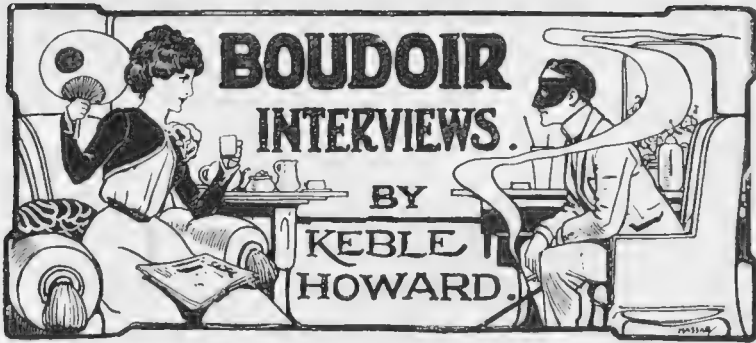
The knightly appearance and gallant deportment of young Dymoke evidently delighted His Majesty, who drank the Champion's health from a gold cup, and gaily handed the cup and cover to his Champion, who in turn drank the King's health, and rode off with the splendid perquisite, backing his horse in true courtly style. The Earl-Marshal's horse was



THE KING'S CHAMPION AT THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.

From an Old Print.

not so docile or tractable, for, beside causing no end of merriment by backing up to the King and turning tail when retiring, he swept his fine long tail about in such vigorous fashion as completely to discomfit the Gentlemen Pensioners who lined the gangway.



I.—MISS EDNA MAY ON LOVE.

WE had been talking about Fame.

"Of course," I continued, "the whole thing is a question of sex. You admit that?"

"I didn't say so. I think it is rather a question of temperament." And Miss May looked at me with all the challenge that one can get into a pair of soft blue eyes.

"But men," I persisted, more for the sake of taking up the glove than because I had any belief in my own argument, "do not value fame as such. They look upon it merely as a valuable business asset."

The lady kept me in suspense whilst she indulged in an amused smile. All too soon, the blow fell.

"That," she said, "is where I prove my point. The man who looks upon fame merely as a business asset hasn't got the artistic temperament."

"But how about yourself?" I inquired, trying to disentangle things a little. "How do you, for instance, like being famous?"

Miss May looked up at the ceiling. I looked at a faultless neck.

"I think it is delightful," she murmured, dreamily. "At least"—with a sudden return to the guarded manner and the resolute pose of the habitual interviewee—"I should think it would be."

I allowed the amendment to pass without comment.

"There is, doubtless," I hazarded, "a certain pride of victory to be reckoned with."

"Oh, of course!" was the ready reply, "especially for a girl."

"Sex again?"

"I think you're very aggravating," said the lady, laughing somewhere in the lower part of the inimitable neck.

"But doesn't sex have anything to do with success on the stage? Does it hinder, for example?"

"It might," said Miss May.

"But, as a matter of fact, does it?" I persisted, quakingly.

"Not always, perhaps. Aren't you going to ask me about my new part, and how I like England?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Do you want to?"

"Not a bit."

"Indeed! I shouldn't be surprised if that was rather rude," she remarked.

"It depends upon the point of view," I defended. "From here—no."

"But from here—? However, I'm not going to quarrel with you for not talking shop. Heaven knows, it's unusual enough to get away from it in our profession."

"You see, your profession is so fascinating," I remarked.

"That also depends upon the point of view," said Miss May. "Suppose you were married to an actress——"

"Ah!" I looked at the ceiling in ecstasy. I hope the lady didn't look at my neck.

"Don't be silly, please! If you were married to an actress, you wouldn't like her to be always going through her part off the stage."

"It would depend upon the part."

"Well, a love-part, for example."

"It would depend upon the wife."

"Or on the—husband?"

"I see. Then you wouldn't advise a man to marry an actress?"

"I'm not a man," said Miss May.

"Heaven forbid!" said I. "You wouldn't like it."

"I'll take your word for it," said the lady.

"Although I ought to tell you," I added, honestly, "that the sex has its compensations."

"Very likely," said Miss May, looking at the carpet as though the subject didn't interest her.

"For example," I continued, kindly, "we have the capacity of loving."

"I'll take your word for it," repeated the lady. "Though I had understood," she added, reflectively, "that it was sometimes the other way round."

"Ah, when it is——!" I murmured, keeping my chin well down.

"You prefer to be loved, you mean? That's so like a man."

"Don't you?" I ventured.

"I'm not dealing with the matter from a personal point of view." (I bowed, rebukedly.) "Considering it generally, it's a far finer thing, of course, to love than to be loved."

"But not so pleasant."

"It hurts—might hurt—sometimes."

There was silence in the boudoir for a moment, and then I said, gently, "Don't you think women are getting out of the habit of falling in love?"

The lady laughed. "Perhaps it's as well," she said.

"Shame! But you don't mean that."

"But I do. When falling in love becomes a habit, artistic temperaments might as well be stowed away in cellars and garrets. We'll have no use for them any more."

"Whilst, at present, an artistic temperament is a good business asset?"

"Certainly, if it is combined with good business instincts. The combination is becoming less rare, because people have discovered that both may be cultivated."

"That's cynicism," I protested.

"It isn't a bit. It's the result of observation and managing one's own affairs. Let's have some tea."

"One moment," I implored. "I want you to say something more about Love."

"But I don't know anything about it."

"Oh, come, you must have heard it mentioned!"

"Well, I've—read about it. Will that do?"

"That's something. Now, can you tell me why it is that the old-fashioned——"

"Not habit, remember."

"——capacity——"

"That's better."

"——for falling in love is not included in the modern young lady's equipment?"

"But how do you know it isn't?"

"Never mind. I do know."

"From personal experience?"

"Well, I've—read about it."

Miss May looked at me, critically. Then she smiled.

"Thank you," I said. "We'll have that tea that you mentioned."



[Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.]

MISS EDNA MAY IN HER BOUDOIR.

"I'm not a man," said Miss May.

"Heaven forbid!" said I.



MISS ANDERSON,

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ACTRESS ON TOUR IN "THE MESSENGER BOY,"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.



MISS SPENCER BRUNTON,
WHO HAS BEEN TOURING WITH MR. LEWIS WALLER'S COMPANY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

A HORSEMAN'S PARADISE.

THE HARLEM RIVER SPEEDWAY, NEW YORK.

THE now famous Harlem River Speedway, in New York, is without question the most remarkable road in the world. It is a Municipal race-track, made and supported by tax-money. Built at a cost of £605,000, in the heart of a great city, the restrictions are such that only one-tenth of one per cent. of its inhabitants can make use of it. Over its two and a-half miles of perfect road you dare not journey on your bicycle or motor—indeed, an indignant citizen who ventured on the drive last year with his cycle and was abruptly turned off by the police took the question into Court, but lost the action. Three classes of vehicles are specially admitted—buggies, surreys, and runabouts. The rules of the Road-Drivers' Association certainly state that "other light vehicles suited to the speeding of light-harnessed horses shall be admissible," but closed carriages of any sort are always turned back.

Until the Speedway was opened, three years ago, there was not a level stretch of soft earth-road in all New York where the man who owned a trotter could tighten the reins and sing out "Go on, boy!" to his favourite flier. No incentive remained for the horseman to keep a fast horse in his stable, and, while the population of the city increased, the number of fast road-horses steadily diminished.

The Speedway has changed this. There are now more fast trotters in New York than are to be found in any other six cities put together. But, apart from the attraction of the horses themselves, the magnificent views obtained from the Speedway have no equal on any drive in the world. Every foot of the way affords beautiful views not to be matched on any thoroughfare in London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, or Berlin. Starting at 155th Street, the road descends gradually to nearly the level of the Harlem River. For over two miles it stretches away along the water's edge of the picturesque upper end of Manhattan Island. On one side rise wooded heights, and on the other green fields fade away into the distance.

It took four years to build this ideal pacing-track, on account of the great cliffs which had to be blasted away. It was necessary to do this in order to get a straight course. Mr. Thomas F. Gelroy, then Mayor of New York, turned the first shovelful of earth in the work. The Speedway was formally opened to the public on June 2, 1898.

On Sundays it is a common sight to see three thousand horses on this one road. Indeed, Sunday is the gala-day of the Speedway. Beginning a few minutes after eleven o'clock in the morning, the best horses are to be seen out for an airing, and the broad stretch north of Washington Bridge presents a spirited scene. Brushes between rival fliers come thick and fast. Again at three o'clock or thereabouts in the afternoon there is another carnival of speed. Most of the sport is then on the lower stretch, between High Bridge and the macadamised approach from 155th Street. The horses are not of the class generally seen on the north end in the morning, but their contests are equally exciting. On week-days the speeding is late in the afternoon. Once a year the Road-Drivers' Association hold a parade, while they also institute races, when cups or trophies are awarded to the winners, but never money.

While some men drive daily and win many brushes and keep but one horse, other enthusiasts own half-a-dozen or more and employ trainers to keep them in shape for fast work. Mr. Nathan Straus, a well-known figure on the Speedway, had in his stable at one time last season eight of the fastest trotting-horses to be found in the New World. Before the Speedway was opened a good trotter could be obtained for a few hundred dollars, now they cost several thousand dollars apiece. One well-known driver values his three horses and the paraphernalia in his stable at £10,000, and he has by no means the most famous of the fliers or the largest stable. Mr. C. K. G. Billings, a Chicago millionaire, owns a greater number of fast road-horses than any other man. Behind his

chestnut stallion, Montas Crooke, he has covered a mile in 2 min. 9 sec.

This is by no means the record for a mile, that being held by Mr. Nathan Straus's famous pacer, Robert J., who recently trotted a mile in 2 min. 1½ sec., and is, without question, the fastest road-horse in the world. The fastest trotting mare is probably Lucille, owned and driven by Mr. Billings. This beautiful creature has covered a mile in 2 min. 7 sec. Last season this mare was matched against Cobwebs, owned by Mr. Nathan Straus, for the championship of the Speedway. It was a

very exciting race, Lucille winning by only a nose—indeed, many spectators declare that it was a dead-heat. A champion racing pair are Mr. John F. Cockerill's two mares, Rival and Honor Bright. They can cover a mile in 2 min. 22½ sec. with ease. Mr. Cockerill is very proud of this record. Both horses were picked up very cheaply at a stud sale, at £17 apiece. Mr. A. B. Gwathmey, former President of the Road-Drivers' Association, also holds an interesting record. His beautiful chestnut mare, Louise Mc., once trotted half-a-mile in 1 min. 1½ sec.

Scores of horses could be mentioned which have trotted a mile, either against time or in a race, under 2 min. 10 sec. When one comes to remember that the horse is fully though lightly harnessed to a carriage, the performances are remarkable. The favourite carriage is the runabout. Some idea of its construction may be gauged from the photographs. It is extremely light, but rigid, and, with its springs, free from vibrations. Very few of them weigh more than from 50 to 55 lb. The harness also is of the lightest obtainable. There are often exciting scenes on the Speedway, especially when a horse takes it into his head to run away. Fortunately, accidents have been extremely rare, owing to the wonderful horsemanship of the police who patrol it. One of these policemen is seen in the photograph below. Every man of them has risked his life time after time since the road was opened in his generally successful endeavours to slow down a horse that has got beyond the control of the driver.

Many New York citizens object to the Speedway, regarding it as a very costly item. The city makes a specific appropriation of £5000 a-year. Other items are scattered through the Park Department expenses. Policing and lights are among the heaviest miscellaneous items. But the most curious fact about this remarkable roadway is that, although it is acknowledged as a public thoroughfare and was built at the public expense, you cannot even ride upon it on your saddle-horse, and, as already stated, carriages of every sort are strictly tabooed, not to mention dog-carts, victorias, coaches, and brakes.



DR. H. H. KANE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD-DRIVERS' ASSOCIATION, AND HIS FAMOUS RACER KING RENÉ. THIS HORSE HAS COVERED A MILE IN 2 MIN. 12½ SEC.



A TYPICAL SPEEDWAY FINISH.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. J. SHEPSTONE.

WORKERS AT PLAY:

"THE SKETCH" BANK HOLIDAY SNAPSHOTS.



MARGATE IS AS POPULAR AS EVER.



WHILST RAMSGATE IS NOT ENTIRELY DESERTED!



GOOD SAILORS FLOCK TO SOUTHEND.



BUT AT HASTINGS THEY PREFER THE NIGGERS.



THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IN TEDDINGTON LOCK (HURRYING AFTER THE "CARDINAL WOLSEY").



THE ROLLERS AT TEDDINGTON LOCK: A SOBER PHOTOGRAPH.

MAINLY PERSONAL.

LORD ABERDEEN,

who celebrated the fifty-fourth anniversary of his birth last Saturday, is reputed to be the youngest-looking man for his age in the United Kingdom. Erect and alert, his dark hair is as innocent of silver as when he went to Oxford thirty-four years ago. The seventh Earl of Aberdeen succeeded to the title and estate through the loss at sea of his elder brother, who, for some reason or other, chose the vocation of a common seaman. In 1877 Lord Aberdeen married Ishbel Maria, sister of the present Baron Tweedmouth, whose philanthropic spirit and energetic action in every good cause have made her name a household word throughout the land. In his brief reign at Dublin Castle, fifteen

part in the China War of 1857-60, being at the storming of Canton, the capture of the Taku Forts, and the advance on Peking. For the Nile Expedition of 1884-5 he received the thanks of Parliament, and later he commanded the Egyptian Frontier Force at the victory of Giniss, thus winning his "G.C.B." and the Grand Cross of the Medjidie. He was appointed Colonel of the York and Lancaster Regiment on his retirement from active service, but was afterwards transferred to the Colonelcy of the historic Coldstream Guards, and three years ago became Constable of the Tower.

"GEORGE EGERTON" RE-MARRIED.

Considering the important position in the world of letters held by the lady who elects to be known as "George Egerton," comparatively little notice has been taken of the fact that she has once again entered the



"Don't you think, Mabel, you are getting a little too old to be playing with the boys so much?"
 "Yes, Uncle; but I think feminine influence is so good for them."

years ago, Lord Aberdeen was successful and popular, and to both the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, during their occupancy of Government House, Ottawa, during the years 1893-8, the Canadians became singularly attached. Though a Gladstonian Liberal, Lord Aberdeen has never taken a forward place in the councils of his party; his political views are shared by Lord Haddo, his son and heir, who before long is likely to be a candidate for Parliamentary honours.

GENERAL SIR FREDERICK C. A. STEPHENSON, G.C.B.,

the Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, who has just completed his sixty-fourth year of service and the eightieth year of his age, was originally an officer of the Scots Guards, fought with his regiment in the Duke of Cambridge's Division at Alma and Inkerman, and was present at Balaclava and during the long siege. For some months in 1855 he was Military Secretary to Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, and later on he took a distinguished

fetters of a life matrimonial. Her husband is Mr. Reginald Golding Bright, and the brother of Mr. Addison Bright, journalist, dramatic critic, and dramatist. Few women have probably seen more of the world than she has, for she has been a great traveller in her time. Born in Melbourne, she has since visited most of the European countries, has been several times to the United States, and on at least one occasion to South America. The bias of her mind was shown at an early age, for it was intended that she should be an artist, but events prevented the carrying-out of that project, though "letters" came only as an after-thought. Among the many experiences of her life, one stands out conspicuously, for she went to Valparaiso on a sailing-vessel and arrived during the bombardment. "Keynotes," published in 1893, was the first volume from her pen, and it made an instant success. Following out the same idea with regard to titles, came in due course "Discords," "Symphonies," and "Fantasias." This is Mrs. Bright's third wedding.



CONFIDING STRANGER: That girl was flirting hard with me two minutes ago, and now she won't look at me.
THE OTHER MAN: Perhaps that's because she saw me come in. I'm her husband!

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MURIEL.

BY J. J. BELL.



MURIEL lay back on the heather, clasped her hands over her eyes, and waited. The heat-haze lay dreamily on the hillside, seeming to exert a softening influence over the continuous sound of bees and the occasional calls of birds, while thinly veiling all things beyond a radius of a furlong. Green and purple everywhere, save for the dry sheep-tracks winding hither and thither like brown ribbons, and the broken, bluish threads of easy-going streamlets.

The tinkle of the water was faint—it had been growing fainter daily during the past month of drought—but the music was sweetly insistent, compelling rest. Muriel heard it as she lay waiting, waiting for the afternoon to pass. The tinkling seemed to beat the time away—but far too slowly. Not that the girl expected a special blessing with the evening, nor even with the night. For a long time now she had been waiting for time to pass, not always in summer idleness; but all the days of the present were empty in anticipation of the fulness of one day to come. Two years of longing had, as it were, dripped away in slow seconds; another year was yet to exhaust itself in the same weary fashion.

The hunger of love in some women may be stayed by the weekly letter with the foreign post-mark, but Muriel was not thus satisfied. In her case, at any rate, love was the whole of existence, so much so that one might call it madness. It must not be supposed, however, that her days were occupied with dreaming and her nights with tears. The eldest daughter of an underpaid country minister's large family, she had abundance of labour for her hands, if not for her mind. But the summer afternoons were her own, and these she was wont to spend in peace and loneliness on the warm hillside. So she listened to the tinkle of the water, till presently the strumming of a cricket attracted her attention. The quick, light beats pleased her better, and presently they seemed to grow quicker—and quicker—and quicker still—and, lo! Muriel was asleep.

A tiny red spider began to disport himself over her white blouse, and a bee circled round her face several times ere he applied himself to a clump of heather-bells near her head. The cricket continued his merry, monotonous performance at a little distance from her feet. But presently he ceased suddenly, and took a flying leap to avoid destruction by a large, nail-studded boot.

A man, with his mouth shaped to pronounce "g"—probably he was going to say "Good-afternoon"—stood looking down upon the sleeper. In the course of a few seconds a smile appeared on his lips, but he kept silence. The cricket, having found a safe platform, again resumed his business. For nearly a minute, Jack Andrews, artist and ne'er-do-well, remained watching the still figure. Then he turned and went quickly down the hill to where he had left his "tools" when he had first observed the girl, who, he fancied, might be able to direct him to the best cut across the hill. But for the time being he forgot all about his destination, and only hoped she would be unable to give him any information for at least an hour to come. Having secured what he wanted, he ascended again, stepping warily to avoid sound, and inwardly praying that nothing might disturb her. Fortune was with him, for he was enabled to secure a rough sketch ere she moved. And even then she did not awake, and, after waiting for five minutes, the artist could resist the temptation no longer, and sat down on a mass of heather close by and began a more careful study.

So absorbed did he become that, when his model awoke, rubbed her eyes, and stretched herself naturally if gracefully, he merely said, in a business-like voice, "Kindly keep still."

Before he was aware of what had happened, she was standing over him, her face flushed with more than sleep, her eyes flashing with more than the surprise of awakening.

"Bless me! Your eyes are grey!" remarked Jack Andrews, still in his own dream; "I guessed that they would be brown."

"How dare you?" cried Muriel, in her just rage.

"I—I beg your pardon," said the artist, becoming conscious that he had done something wrong, but not quite sure of the nature of his sin. "I beg your pardon, but I—I didn't expect you'd waken up so soon."

"Oh!" burst out the girl, and stopped, unable to express her indignation.

"Honour bright! I couldn't help sketching you. I think I've got the idea for the picture of my life. Look!"

He handed it to her, and before he could gasp she had trodden it underfoot, smashing and obliterating his work. Andrews sprang up blazing with anger.

"You—you little fiend!" he exclaimed. "What right——?"

"What right had you to sketch me?" interrupted Muriel. "You coward!" she added. Then, catching sight of the first rough sketch, she seized and destroyed it also.

The man looked at her and saw that her eyes were wet.

"I beg your pardon," he said softly. "I'm very sorry."

Muriel began to walk away without a word, and he leapt after her, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Have I not apologised? Have I not been punished?" he asked.

"Please let me go!"

"Then forgive me."

She gave him not so much as a glance.

"Wait," he said. "You have destroyed my work, but I can paint you again."

She lifted her head an inch, proudly, contemptuously. The man's impertinence was almost amusing. He could paint her again. Something tempted her to say, "Would you like a sitting at once?" And the words were out before she knew.

"Thank you, no," he returned politely. "I have no ambition to paint you as you are at this moment. But my memory will not fail me when I begin to paint you as you were a few minutes ago."

"Wonderful!" she sneered.

"Yes. But, then, I shall never forget you as I saw you first," he returned, with a boyish simplicity. "No, I shall never forget. And you know it."

She tapped her foot on the heather in a manner that suggested she was bored.

"Please let go my arm," she said.

"Quite forgot I was holding you," he replied. "Well, I suppose you must go. Tell me what I am to do with the picture when it is finished."

"But you won't——?"

"But I will—I must! Don't you understand that there's no room for another idea in my mind?"

"Oh, you are absurd!"

"I agree with you. I've been fooling all my life, and I'm surpassing all previous follies now. But I can't help it."

She walked away from him.

"May I give you the picture, or shall I send it to the Institute?" he called after her.

But she made no answer.

That night, Muriel wrote a long letter to her lover, the missionary in India, describing very fully her adventure of the afternoon. It was not often that her epistles contained any news of an exciting nature, and, as she covered sheet after sheet of the flimsy paper, she felt that their perusal would convey unlimited amusement to Edward Wingate in his hard, laborious life at the remote mission station. But when the letter was sealed up and addressed, she fell to pondering over the advisability of sending it, and ended all doubts by burning it and writing another in its stead. She could hardly have explained to herself why she did so. A few days later, she passed Jack Andrews in the village, and he made not the slightest sign of recognition. When she saw him approaching, she prepared herself to "cut him dead," for she never anticipated that a man of his impertinence would lose an opportunity of attempting to make some advances. She was bound to admit that his latest action was the right one; but, for all that, she was angry.

When she returned home, an hour later, the first sight which met her eyes was that of her father and the artist seated in the garden smoking the pipe of peace and indulging in amicable discourse.

"Mr. Andrews, the son of an old college-friend," said the minister, introducing his guest to his daughter.

The artist and the girl bowed distantly, and it was a relief when presently the party was summoned to tea. Mr. Andrews was quite at his ease and made merry with the younger members of the family in a way which won them to him before the meal was over. Mr. Sandford, the minister, forgot his money worries more completely than he had done for years, while his wife, poor woman, let her motherly heart go out to this young man who could apparently bring a laugh to her partner's lips at least every five minutes. So, it was not strange that the artist, on his departure, was overwhelmed with invitations to return. And, of course, he would be delighted. He was lodging at the gamekeeper's up the glen, where it was lonely of an evening.

Muriel, who had disappeared immediately after tea, could not be found to say good-night to the departing guest, who took his way homeward with a smile on his lips and a pain in his heart. Surely, he thought, she need not have been so unforgiving. Then he laughed at himself and tried to whistle, while he felt in his pockets for his pipe. Botheration! He had left it at the minister's. Knowing too well by experience that to go to bed pipeless meant a night of misery, he retraced his steps. It was almost dark as he neared the house, but he could distinguish a figure standing by the gate, and his heart gave a great thump when he realised that it was Muriel.

Had she recognised him in time, she would undoubtedly have fled, but his hand was held out to her ere she could go.

"Please," he said gently.

The time for his punishment and her revenge had come. She knew that she had power to wound him, to discomfit him cruelly. But she delayed.

"Please," he said again. And somehow she put her fingers in his.



[Drawn by John Hassall.]

POLITE TO A FAULT.

AUNT: Auntie's going to have a bathe. Would Tommy like to come in, too?
TOMMY: Will there be any room, Auntie?

"Friends?" he asked in a mere whisper.

"I think so," she returned as softly; then broke from him and hurried into the house.

After some search, Jack found his pipe in the garden and went home singing to himself.

It was near the end of August, by which time the artist was like one of the Sandford family, that a foreign telegram was delivered to Muriel. It stated briefly that Edward Wingate was leaving at once for home. They, Andrews included, were sitting in the garden at the time, and Mrs. Sandford, observing her daughter turn ghastly, asked, in alarm, if Edward were ill.

Muriel, recovering, read the message, and added somewhat pettishly, "I hate the sight of a telegram at any time!"

"I didn't know you had a son abroad," remarked the artist, turning to the minister.

"He will be my son some day, I hope," returned Mr. Sandford, nodding affectionately at his eldest daughter, who suddenly rose and, without a word, entered the house.

"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Sandford; "the good news is a little too much for her."

"Won't you wait for tea, Mr. Andrews?" she said, noticing the artist preparing to go.

"Not to-night, thank you," he returned, smiling. "There's a good light just now, and I've something I would like to get done."

But he did not go to his lodgings for his materials. He passed the gamekeeper's house, walked further up the glen, climbed the hillside, and came to the secluded heathery nook where he had first seen Muriel. And there he lay down.

An hour passed, and still he did not move, and Muriel, who had come to her old haunt to be alone with her thoughts, stood at a little distance regarding him. She tried to turn and go the way she had come, but she could not, and, relinquishing the struggle, she drew near and knelt beside him.

"Jack!" she whispered, stroking his hair and bracing herself for the reproaches she expected.

But there was no anger in the man. He looked at her for a little. He put his arms about her and kissed her. And then he rose and walked down the hillside.

The woman was too stunned to call after him, and yet she understood that Jack, the ne'er-do-weel, who had more than once confessed his sins to her, was trying to do the right thing at last.

In the morning, the gamekeeper lost his lodger, and the minister received a friendly note to say that the artist had been called to town suddenly. A large parcel for Muriel was opened in her own room. She knew what it was before she untied it, but she had not believed the artist capable of the work before her, the picture of herself which she beheld through her tears. To her it seemed perfect, though enclosed with it was a sheet of paper bearing the single word "Unfinished," in Jack's handwriting. There was no other message.

The days that followed brought no comfort to Muriel; rather did they increase her burden. At first she embraced the idea that, on Edward Wingate's arrival, all would be well, that with his face before her eyes the past would be blotted out like a dream. She fought against the voice that cried "False, false!" in her soul, and she strove against the tears that crept into her eyes, and the sigh of "unfinished" that came to her in the night watches. When it wanted but a week to the coming of her betrothed, it required her uttermost strength to prevent her agony of mind manifesting itself. Her parents wondered at her lack of emotion, and would fain have spoken to her, but she contrived to laugh at each critical moment.

At last came the evening preceding the morning when Edward's ship, the *Morven*, was due to reach port. About seven o'clock, the October night being sweet and mild, Muriel stood at the gate, glad to be free from the kindly chaff and teasing of the household. All day she had endured a refined torment, and now she felt sick and weary of her life. There was a peculiar, strained look in her eyes, and sometimes she felt as if the trouble of her heart had become an actual physical pain.

The wind blew softly from the sea, and a faint, rainy mist crept up the glen. Suddenly, Muriel looked into the dark, and listened. No; she had been mistaken—only the wind had chased some leaves along the road. Gradually the mist deepened, and it seemed to Muriel that at last she was hid from all the world. For the first time since the day she had knelt beside Jack on the hillside she let her heart have its own way. Surely it did not matter if she gave it liberty for one night—the very last night.

And she fell to dreaming. She dreamt that Jack Andrews was coming to her ready to say, "Muriel, I must have you," and that she was likewise ready to say, "Take me away with you, Jack." And he came; and then they departed together, right gladly, into the sweet, dark night.

The sound of hurrying footsteps trembled in the stillness. Nearer and nearer they came—very real, and yet a part of Muriel's dream. They paused at the open gate where she stood, and a hoarse, unsteady voice, breaking with love, sobbed, "Muriel!"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried, and lifted her eyes.

"The *Morven* arrived a day sooner than expected, darling, and I thought I'd surprise you. And you—Muriel, Muriel, don't you understand? Muriel! Oh, God!"

"Jack," sighed her lips sleepily.

And that was the last word of Muriel.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

"The Last Phase"—Ichabod in Town and Country—The Open-Air Cure—Beach Music and its Antidotes—Society on Ticket-of-Leave—Ichabod in Parliament—Ichabod and its Uses.

ICHABOD! I hope it is nothing wrong, for I have not the slightest idea what it means, but that only makes it sound the more clever. It is just such terms that give us confidence in our extraordinary language and belief in its mission in the civilised world. It was to such the Irish orator referred when he spoke of "that grand old English word, *esprit de corps*." Ichabod! Ah, how true it is! Forceful and yet free from a vestige of vulgarity, how it voices one's inmost feelings! It is like "Mesopotamia," "bimetallism," "transcendental." In our heart of hearts we know that we have no hint of the signification of these words, or whether they have any. But they carry with them the conviction that nothing else so well expresses their own meaning.

The principal streets, which have been "up" through the thick of the Season, are let down again to allow the traffic to injure them enough to have them pulled up once more in the autumn, when people come back to town. Customers have till now avoided the shops, through fear of extortion in the height of the Season, but are beginning to crowd to them to secure the sacrificial "summer bargains," and smart salesmen are able to put twenty-five per cent. on to their usual prices. My own difficulty is considerable. Business prevents me leaving town for some weeks for the open-air cure, yet, to keep up a due social position, I am forced to write as if already in residence at Cowes, Scarborough, or Homburg, and to impart an affected aqueous and ozoniferous tone to my articles.

Yes, I refuse to be detached from my original position—Ichabod. It sounds German just at the beginning, yet the end of the word seems Welsh, doesn't it? Is it the name of a mythical hero, of a plant, a dynasty, a prehistoric animal, or simply an exclamation of exhaustion or relief? What matter? The theatres have closed and sent their plays on ticket-of-leave through the provinces, or granted a *decree nisi* to be made absolute in the autumn if they do not retain their hold on the public. We have laboured through the rejoicements of Society, which are often merciful enough to run concurrently, and young girls can breathe freely after piloting their aged mothers through the perils of another Season.

Here at Cowes—no, there at Cowes, I mean (let me be honest, it will be only for a moment)—Society for the first time this year is graced by the presence of its proper centre, the Sovereign. Here I lie gazing out to sea—there I lie, I should say (I am certainly lying now somewhere)—but no, this duplicity is revolting to my better nature, and, after all, a yacht-race can be enjoyed if read out of the newspaper just as well as *vivâ voce*, and better, for one knows which yacht has won. *Shamrock II.* is off to America to try to lift the Cup that cheers but not inebriates—or rather, to begin breaking her spars in the series of draws which may result in a decision this side of Christmas.

What are the wild waves saying? No one can tell. The "busker," the German band, the Christy Minstrel, the beach juggler uplift their voices and drown the sound of the breakers, possibly for this reason called "the sad sea waves." An excellent proposal is to make a musical examination compulsory for candidate out-of-door performers. Seaside niggers would have to show their ability to compose a theme with figured bass on any given popular subject—such as a battle with the Boers, two lovers in a canoe, or an altercation between a married man and his mother-in-law—and the chief engineer of a hurdy-gurdy be asked to write an oratorio with full orchestration on mixed bathing.

Back in panting Westminster, the Opposition frantically obstructs and the Government obstructs obstruction. A member can pass the most controversial measures by sheer exhaustion, provided he can keep a quorum alive by artificial respiration. No Cabinet can be really strong that does not contain a Minister who has lived in India. He should be lightly dressed and supplied with suitable refreshments, and could thus rush all obnoxious measures through the House at the end of July by simply talking the Opposition under the table.

It is no longer necessary to spend an hour and a-half in dressing to walk down Piccadilly. We are not mangled at drawing-room "crushes" and asphyxiated in theatres. Cabmen, subdued by the falling-off of custom, will accept only double their legal fare without arousing the whole street with profanity. The daily papers at last have room for something better than stupid politics, spurious Society gossipings, intolerable fashionable weddings. They can settle down to the regular summer routine of consumption-cures, air-ship inventions, new female problems, and the various "Perils" which interest and amuse, without irritating, every right-minded newspaper-reader. One can dine at a restaurant without having to negotiate with the manager weeks before, *per* special messenger, for a good table. We all feel we want a holiday. We know we do not deserve it, and there are many other more worthy people who are unable to leave sweltering London. But that makes us enjoy it all the more. I say it again—and with a deeper and more solemn fervour—Ichabod. HILL ROWAN.

"CLEOPATRA," THE SNAKE-CHARMER

A Parisian Favourite who is to Visit London—And Some General Notes on the Fascinating Art.

FROM time immemorial snake-charming has exercised an extraordinary fascination for the world at large, even unto the present day. When "Cleopatra," the famous charmer of the Folies-Bergères, in Paris, delights the assembled multitude by toying with the creatures the very name of which is sufficient to send a creepy-crawly sensation down the back of sensitive folk.

The artiste of the Parisian music-hall naturally suggests by her name the wondrous beauty whom Antony called the Serpent of Old Nile. If not a snake-charmer in the ordinary acceptance of the term, was she not charmed to death by the kiss of an asp—the thing other snake-charmers seek to avoid? Her most celebrated impersonator on the mimic stage, the universal genius to whom all arts have been vouchsafed, is in many ways an accomplished snake-charmer, although Madame Bernhardt has

in greater request, and, though their bite is not in all cases deadly, even the non-venomous serpents are by no means without danger, seeing that they can easily crush a man to death. As most people are aware, the way to prevent any untoward circumstance while handling these reptiles is to grasp them by the head and tail. It is especially when it is left in possession of its tail that the snake is most dangerous, and Captain De Voy, one of the most famous snake-charmers, who is assisted in his feats by his little daughter, was on one occasion almost killed by an African snake nearly four yards long. It tried to coil round him when he had hold only of the head, and he escaped death by killing the beast. According to him, there is only one cure for snake-bite, and that cure is whisky as much over proof as it is possible to get it. It is applied not only to the wound, but it is taken internally in large quantities. Thrice happy mortal who has been snake-bitten! There are compensations in all misfortunes.

In India, which may be said to be almost the home of snake-charming in which venomous reptiles play a part, the music of a pipe is relied upon more than anything else. Most people seem to be agreed, however, that these snakes are carefully prepared for the purpose, and, if they have not



"CLEOPATRA," THE SNAKE-CHARMER AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRES, WITH PYTHON 18 FT. 9 IN. LONG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE GARET-CHARLES, ACACIA ROAD, N.W.

never elected to appear in this particular guise before the public. When she first produced M. Sardou's "Cleopatra," she collected several little snakes, which she petted and cared for as other women care for less exceptional pets, and as real snake-charmers care for their snakes. So attached did she become to them that on one occasion, when she was living in St. John's Wood, one of the little beasts wriggled out of its cage and escaped. Madame Bernhardt's regard for it had caused her to have it adorned with jewels, just as women had tortoiseshells decorated a little while ago, and, when the snake had wriggled into the street, it was discovered by a young lady, who saw the gleam of the jewels and picked it up before she realised that there was a snake attached to the gems. She quickly dropped it into her parasol, and presently Madame Bernhardt came out of the house, in a state of great excitement, looking for her little pet. "Is this it?" asked the young lady, opening her parasol. Madame Bernhardt looked, recognised it, and in another moment was caressing the little beast. Then she hailed the girl as her benefactress, thanking her profusely, and eventually not only sent the young lady seats to go and see her act—and the snake—but, when she returned home to Paris, sent her a miniature, as well as a magnificent diamond-ring.

Such little snakes, however, are by no means useful for the purpose of the showmen whose name is legion. For them, boas and pythons are

had their poison-fangs extracted, they, nevertheless, have had the gland removed which secretes the poison, so that, even if the animals did strike, they would do no harm.

That snakes are affected by music there can be no doubt. It is probably the rhythm which appeals to their sense, a point worth considering in the light that the snake itself is an arrangement in rhythm, as Mr. Whistler might have said. No animal, indeed, is so rhythmic in its movements as the serpent.

Only a few weeks ago the music sense of some rattlesnakes saved an amateur fiddler in America from sudden death. With his violin in its case in his hand, he was walking through a path in a wood when he heard the unexpected rattle of a rattlesnake. He hurried on, only to see, to his amazement, that there was another straight in his path. It was impossible to get past without running a grave danger, but he suddenly remembered how music often affected the serpent, and he took out his violin and began to play. After a few bars, the snakes moved and began to coil, until presently the musician had them swaying to and fro under the influence of his violin. That was his opportunity, and he took it. Stopping suddenly, he brought the instrument down with a crash on the head of first one and then the other, and took to his heels and ran. He escaped, but his violin was smashed.

A SUMMER DAY WITH THE POPE.

WHILE all the world, Royal, Diplomatic, social, and political, flees from Rome during the hot months, to be often much more uncomfortable in other quarters, there is one who is staunch to the Mother of Nations, never leaves her summer nor winter, and always finds her delightful—I mean, His Holiness Leo XIII.



ON THE WALLS SURROUNDING THE VATICAN GARDENS.

The material world of the Pope is made up of a Palace—to be sure, the largest in the world, but in which he occupies only six or seven rooms out of the eleven thousand—and a garden, beautiful but not extensive. In winter this world is bounded by four walls, which he never leaves, and in summer by the broad arc of heaven and the stone confines of the few square yards of his territorial domain.

So regular is the summer life of the Pontiff that his *entourage* can, by looking at the clock, tell almost exactly what he is doing at a given moment. To this regularity and the frugality of his living is ascribed his extreme age, but the blood and constitution of one born in the mountains must also be taken into consideration. Professor Mazzoni, his surgeon, declares that he has still the veins of a young man, in which the blood flows with youthful vigour, and which is a guarantee of many more years of life.

The day begins bright and early with Mass and breakfast in the Palace, and then follows an adjournment to the garden, which is a function in itself. From his apartment to the gates the Pontiff is carried in a sedan-chair by four footmen who are living pictures in their red brocade costumes, and, with their grey hair and dignified bearing, give the impression of having the world upon their shoulders. The



VINEYARD PLANTED BY LEO XIII.

Photographed by Special Permission of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, by S. Cortesi, Rome.

other morning, when His Holiness was about to enter his chair, he stumbled, and, as the footman gently took him by the arm, he patted his hand and said, "Ah! *Amico mio* (my friend), the old must help the old," which caused a smile to cross the lips of those present, as Pope Leo is now frail and ninety-one, while the footman is a hale and hearty man of sixty. At the garden-gates he enters his landau, accompanied by one of the Prelates of the Court—very often Monsignor Bisleti—the door is closed, an officer, usually his nephew, Count Camillo Pecci, and four of the Noble Guard on horseback, fall in on each side and behind, forming one of those picturesque groups which it seems impossible to avoid (if it were desired) when any movement is made at the Vatican.

Then follows a day of absolute outdoor life. Before noon there is a walk in his flower-garden, with praise to the gardeners, which they value more than money; a feeding of his gazelles, a Jubilee present; a little gossip while he rests on the terrace which overlooks the city, ending in a visit to the vineyards, in the eyes of the Pope one of his most important possessions.

As will be remembered, Leo XIII. began life, one may say, in a vineyard on the top of the Volscian hills, first creeping, then playing, and finally working among the vines, until his college life commenced and a career in the Church opened before him. "So, you see," he says triumphantly when anyone controverts his ideas in the Vatican vineyards, "it is in my blood; I was born to it." And, truth to tell, his vines never fail, the yield year after year being most satisfactory. In one little enclosure are some young vines, visited by him daily, no matter what else is neglected, and these vines were one by one planted by his own hands in his own way, and cultivated according to his own methods. At present they are looking magnificent, so

Prof. Mazzoni. Dr. Lapponi.



Count Pecci. Mgr. Bisleti. Private Secretary.

BEFORE THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE POPE.

much so that the Pontiff only the other day gave way to his delight, saying to the man in charge, "Just wait four or five years and we will see miracles," unconsciously showing at the same time his belief in his own strength and grasp of life. The other vineyards yield a quantity of sweet wine with a flavour peculiarly its own. An enterprising business firm offered Leo XII. almost fabulous sums for the privilege of putting this wine on the market, under the name of "Leonine Wine," with an advertisement setting forth its origin. Such an idea was indignantly repudiated by the Pontiff, who refused to be known as the "commercial Pope," as he expressed it. A few days after, when his gardener knelt to receive his blessing, he was heard to exclaim, "Well, well, times are changed when the Head of the Church is accused of recklessness because he will not enter trade!"

After a light lunch, which consists chiefly of *consommé*, game, and a small glass of good wine, the aged Pope rests during the warmest hours of the day in the celebrated "Summer Palace," which is, in reality, a thick-walled tower, erected by Leo IV. in the ninth century, and made habitable by the present occupant of the Chair of St. Peter by the addition of a few rooms at one side. After the siesta, there is coffee to be taken in the coffee-house, more conversation or an audience, a short drive, and a return to the Vatican at sundown.

One of the chief characteristics of Leo XIII. is his kindness and self-denial, carried to even exaggerated lengths. For instance, while all the world was guessing why, this year, he put off going regularly into the garden until so late in the season, a few knew that it was because it had come to his ears that the Ambassadors and Cardinals and other great personages found it less pleasant to go to him at the other side of the garden instead of at the Vatican. He even proposed to give up his days there altogether; but that, of course, was negatived by Professor Mazzoni, who, since the successful operation of two years ago, has great influence with his patient.

SALVATOR CORTESI.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN."

"THE SORROWS OF SATAN" once more invades us, and suitably chooses the very hot weather for an appearance at the Court Theatre. The new version is founded on a story by the late "G. A. S.," as well as upon Miss Corelli's startling romance, and in many respects differs from the play which did not achieve great



MISS VIOLET LLOYD, WHO, IN "THE TOREADOR," HAS JUST AS MANY ADMIRERS AS EVER.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

success at the Shaftesbury Theatre. The piece, though not, perhaps, a brilliant piece of work, nor richly successful in suggesting the element of *diablerie*, has effective scenes, and gives great scope for acting, of which, perhaps, in some cases full advantage was not taken. Mr. Somerset played the part of Prince Lucio, and was very successful in suggesting the note of pity and sorrow daringly introduced into the character, and it need hardly be said that Miss Grace Warner played with ability and power in the chief female rôle. By her acting at the close of the piece she excited real enthusiasm. Miss Geraldine Somerset acted agreeably.

ARTHUR ROBERTS.

Mr. Arthur Roberts has taken "H.M.S. Irresponsible" to the Globe Theatre, where it seems likely to continue for some while its cruise, even if there be critics who suggest that it is a little too irresponsibly irresponsible. However, the main fact—that is, Arthur Roberts—remains, and the most ill-humoured critic cannot refuse a smile to him and his wonderful drolleries, which keep the house in constant laughter. There is loss in that two charming and talented young ladies, Miss Kate Cutler and Miss Florence Perry, have left the Company; but Miss Phyllis Broughton, after too long an absence from our stage, has joined the ship, and naturally was received with great favour by a public fully mindful of her charming work when she more often graced the boards.

One of the very best "turns" at any music-hall just now is the delightful singing of

COURTICE POUNDS AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Always a delightful performer, this artist is now singing better, perhaps, than he ever did in the whole course of his brilliant career. One of his songs at the Palace is a delightful ballad of the London streets, written by Basil Hood and composed by Walter Slaughter. It is entitled "Nancy, the Flower-Girl." Mr. Seymour Dicker accompanies Mr. Pounds on the piano with his usual finish and delicacy.

QUITE A RUN ON POLITICAL PLAYS

would seem to be imminent. For example, there is "The Honourable Member," which Mr. Stuart Ogilvie (who adapted Kingsley's "Hypatia" for Mr. Tree) has written for use at the Court in September. Also a play, called "The Great M.P.," has been written by Madame Alma Barnett, who will try the piece first in the provinces. And, as the

song says, "There are Others," including a political play-satire of a musical kind.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE

seems to have a penchant for playing Beaus of the Georgian Era. Only two or three months ago, he revived (without too much apparent reason) "Beau Austin," by W. E. Henley and the late Robert Louis Stevenson. Now, Mr. Tree, waiving *pro tem.* his arrangement to make his re-entry at Her Majesty's in the name-part in Mr. Stephen Phillips's new Homeric play, "Ulysses," will first impersonate a kind of Beau Brummel character in that prolific American dramatist Mr. Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Last of the Dandies."

SEEING THAT MR. G. McLELLAN,

of the Century Theatre (late Adelphi), so many months ago announced that he and his fellow-manager start business at that rebuilt theatre with the American success long called "The Whirl of the Town," it seems a pity that Mr. Eille Norwood's comedy, originally called "The Noble Art"—due at the Strand next Saturday, Aug. 10—should have suddenly been re-named "The Talk of the Town." It was, of course, an inadvertence, and I am not surprised to learn at the moment of writing that another change of name is meditated at the Strand.

I am officially informed—by Mr. George Edwardes himself, in point of fact—that, after all, he and Mr. Charles Frohman may not start their season at the Apollo with "Three Little Maids," written by Messrs. Paul Rubens (lyrist) and Mr. Charles Hands (*Daily Mail*-er), but that, pending deeper meditation concerning that production, the opening piece at the Apollo may be the new "howling" American farce-comedy entitled "Are You a Mason?"

MR. JAMES MORTIMER,

who from the end of the third Napoleon's reign onward was so long the Editor of the *London Figaro*, has during the last quarter of a century done such excellent work as a playwright that one marvels it should seem so long since a play of his was seen in London. Mr. Mortimer is, however, not the only experienced writer for the stage who, owing to certain new-fangled fads and crazes, has had to stand aside for a good while. Now at last, however, he has had another chance of wooing the suffrages of London playgoers. On Thursday night last, at Wyndham's Theatre, kindly lent by the actor-manager after whom it is named, Mr. Mortimer produced with a powerful cast a new farcical comedy, presumably based upon Labiche's Palais-Royal comedy, "Celimaire le Bien-Aimé," and bearing the somewhat saucy title of "My Bachelor Past." The said cast included such spirited and artistic players as Misses Kate Phillips, Kathleen Gordon Lee, Florence Vyvian, and Dolores Drummond (who is mother of the famous theatre-architect, Mr. G. W. R. Sprague), and Messrs. Mark Kinghorn, A. E. George, and John Le Hay, with that admirable leading man and light-comedian,



MISS CONNIE EDISS IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER."

"IT'S CLASS, CLASS, CLASS!"

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Charles Glenney, as "producer." Being thus well histrionically served, and having exploited a piece so full of lively—sometimes rather too lively—lines and of comical episodes, it is only reasonable to suppose that Mr. Mortimer will speedily find a regular home, or, at least, a lengthy tour, for "My Bachelor Past." All the characters are full of acting possibilities, especially that of the leading man, who, after a giddy bachelorhood, essays to settle down in calm and cosiness, but finds that Nemesis, by means of subterfuges, and the arousing of volcanic jealousy, can terribly punish even ex-gay Lotharios.



MADAME PASQUALI, SOPRANO, NOW APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE.

Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

MADAME PASQUALI AT THE EMPIRE.

The Empire has secured the services of the Pasqualis, two singers whose gifts are by no means common. They have an opera company of their own, and are well known across the Atlantic, but the summer vacation enabled them to pay a flying visit to London. Madame Pasquali has a fine stage presence

and a well-trained voice that shows to greatest advantage in florid music. One seldom hears on the variety stage singing of such excellent quality, and I was pleased to see that the house accepted the gift in its entirety, listening in silent attention and rewarding the singers with an ovation. The visit of the Pasqualis is necessarily brief, but nobody who cares to listen to fine singing should miss the "turn," which is honoured with a late place, just before the ballet. Writing of ballet reminds me that the popular *première danseuse*, Adeline Genée, is returning to town next week from a holiday which her many admirers at the Empire have found all too long. The house has an audience almost as varied as its programme. Last week, when I went in to hear the Pasqualis, a number of stalls had been placed at the disposal of our West African soldiers now on a visit to London. They presented a striking appearance in their khaki uniform.

MISS VERA FORDYCE.

That charming young actress, Vera Fordyce, whose portrait appeared in our issue of July 10, was last week giving the playgoers of Richmond an opportunity of appreciating the versatility of her talents. Her previous appearance at the new Theatre Royal was in the autumn of 1899, just after the theatre was opened, when, in Miss Annie Hughes' "Sweet Nancy" Company, she played the pathetic rôle of Barbara Grey, one of her favourite parts, which she invests with such sympathy and quiet force that it is to be hoped that, before very long, London playgoers will have the opportunity of seeing Miss Fordyce in some character that would give even greater scope to her rare and beautifully modulated method. Now she is displaying her abilities in a totally opposite line, as Nora, "the other Mrs. Smith," in that screamingly funny piece, "Facing the Music," with which Mr. George Robertson's very capable Company, with Mr. J. J. Dallas in the leading part, is touring the suburbs and the provinces. In the pretty little curtain-raiser, "The Setting of the Sun," Miss Fordyce, again in a sympathetic part, Janet Moorfield, scores a great success.

MADAME ALVA

has been specially engaged by the Committee of the North Pier, Blackpool, for three grand orchestral concerts to be given in their concert-hall, under the musical direction of Mr. Spillman, during the month of August (15th, 16th, and 18th). She has also signed a contract with Mr. Lane, of Manchester, to open his Spring season in that city.

"FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR A SONG"

may appear astonishing, but I am told, and on good authority, that Madame Melba has several times during the late season received that amount for entertaining aristocratic admirers. Indeed, I understand that in many instances invitations have had Madame Melba's name as a special attraction. When Nature has bestowed a lovely voice, it is, if cultivated, a fortune to the possessor. But I remember one of the greatest singers, Grisi, who was thoroughly satisfied with fifty pounds instead of five hundred guineas.

THE OPERA SEASON

came to an end on Monday, July 29. "Roméo et Juliette" was the first opera of the season and also the last, and Madame Melba sang magnificently. A great difficulty this season has been with the tenors. Half-a-dozen new tenors have appeared, but with little success. In most cases they were merely high baritones with the upper notes forced up to the tenor range, but they did not possess the true tenor quality. Since Mario we have had no tenor of his kind. Signor Tamagno, with all his power and energy, is given to shouting and screaming. In

"Otello" he "frequently split the ears"—not of the "groundlings," but the gods in the gallery. Those near the stage found Signor Tamagno rather distressing.

THE "MONDAY POPS,"

like all other things in this world, have to yield to changes of taste and fashion. When Mr. Arthur Chappell started the Popular Concerts forty-two years ago, he was the pioneer of classical chamber-music. People then were contented with humdrum concerts. I can recall the programmes of those days—a song, a washy pianoforte solo of the most commonplace kind, perhaps a glee or chorus, then more ballads.

"THE KINGS OF TONE—MOZART, BEETHOVEN, MENDELSSOHN,"

as Matthew Arnold calls them, were never heard. Even the names of the great Masters of Music were strange to the amateurs of that day. Mr. Arthur Chappell changed all that, and soon people rushed in crowds to hear the remarkable chamber-music of Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Schumann, Brahms, and others. Possibly Mr. Chappell placed too much reliance on the German composers, and latterly I think those Masters, great as they are, have been too exclusively chosen.

But I regret that the delightful "Monday Pops" must go. There is no help for it if they are unprofitable. Fortunately, the Saturday Afternoon Concerts continue to be attractive. Fair supporters of classical music fill the hall in hats and bonnets of the brightest hues, and may be seen reading scores of the music the artists are interpreting upon the platform. What a change! Fifty years ago, very few, even of the cultivated classes, knew much about music, and not one person in a thousand could have followed the printed notes as they were being played. Now we have thousands of musical students, professional and amateur. Our schools and colleges are training them literally night and day. One wonders how in future the professional students will be able to exist. But, as music is still advancing "by leaps and bounds," no doubt they will have plenty of pupils.

PARCICAL COMEDY

would seem to be again coming into fashion, for, apart from the before-mentioned specimen by Mr. Mortimer, there is this week being enacted at the Shakspeare Theatre, Clapham, a new example of the drollery-and-doors type. This is the work of the authors of "Niobe," Messrs. Harry and Edward Paulton to wit, and is somewhat comprehensively entitled "Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson." Inasmuch as these experienced farce-concoctors have concocted another clever farce, and have engaged a clever company to play it, "Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson" will doubtless find its way to the West-End after its preliminary suburban and provincial tour.



MISS MAY CHEVALIER, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED FOR THE PART OF MRS. DANE IN "MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE" ON TOUR.

Photo by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Leaning Machines Against Kerbstones—Riders and their Dogs—The "Telo-Tyre"—Loose Knickerbockers—An Excellent New Bye-law—The Use of Goggles.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 7, 8.38; Thursday, 8.36; Friday, 8.34; Saturday, 8.32; Sunday, 8.30; Monday, 8.29; Tuesday, 8.27.

Don't lean your bicycle against the kerbstone. This is one of the easiest ways to court disaster to your machine. Any passing vehicle



AMONG THE SNOWS OVER THE SAPPEY, 4000 FT., TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.
Snow-ruts a foot deep and the drifts six feet high on each side of the road.

may knock it over by mere vibration, which I have seen occur more than once. Further, as we have all had lamentable experiences, a bicycle by a kerb is an invitation to any youngster to come up and meddle. The proper thing would be for tradespeople and ordinary folk to have bicycle-stands outside their shops or in their gardens to hold one or two bicycles. This is the practice in America, and its advantage is obvious. We, however, cling to old practices, and lean our machines against walls, which scrape the plate off the handle-bar, or stick them among the bushes in a garden, where they run chances of being punctured. Some ladies always take their bicycles into shops when out shopping, and then tell the tradesfolk they should have a proper stand to fit the wheels in.

Some time ago I put in a plea that cyclists should not take their dogs when they go out for long runs. It is well that dogs should have exercise, and the intention of the master when going out for an evening spin in letting his dog accompany is an excellent one. Discretion, however, does not savour kindness in such cases. A dog tires, becomes exhausted, and, as many animals will not give up racing in the wake of their masters, they proceed till they drop. I heard of a case the other day where a dog actually fell and died. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have issued an appeal to cyclists that they do not overtax the strength of their dogs. This is exceedingly wise, and I hope all cyclists who read this page will pay attention to it.

We are always hearing prayers from ardent cyclists that some genius may devise and really invent an unpuncturable tyre. The non-puncturable tyres, however, that have been advertised for our benefit are legion. Yet there has always been some drawback, and the invention has speedily passed into the limbo of the unappreciated. I have had recently brought to my notice an ingenious appliance called the "Telo-Tyre," invented by Mr. Fraser Rae, the well-known author. I don't pretend to say anything in regard to the "life" of the tyre, which is so important in cycling. The one thing against a cushion tyre is that it is so often inclined to run what is called "dead." Mr. Fraser Rae's appliance, however, gives one the advantage of the pneumatic together with the unliability of the cushion to puncture. There is a metal rim, which carries the air-tube. This rim has guards on its periphery, and through this is a piece of rubber rather mushroom-shape. When the inner tube is inflated, there is a good stretch of rubber between the tube and the ground, so that it would require a lengthy nail driven into it to approach the tube. This, of course, is not likely to happen in a hundred thousand rides. People who do not want to be troubled with the possibility of punctures might try Mr. Fraser Rae's "Telo-Tyre."

Many cyclists this year are taking to riding with knickerbockers loose about the knee. They are not so neat as the ordinary knickerbockers, but there can be no question as to their comfort. All of us

who ride in knickerbockers know how the limb is inclined to swell with the extra exertion and heat, and how the garter fastens the impress of the knickerbocker or the stocking on one's flesh. This means discomfort. Loose knickerbockers, however, give the limb free play, and in hot weather are a distinct advantage.

It would be a boon to cyclists if all the local authorities followed the example of the Hull Council, who have recently passed a bye-law insisting that all covered vans should have a side-window, so that the drivers may see the traffic likely to pass them or the traffic coming behind when they themselves wish to turn round. I have personally run greater risk of collisions with covered vans than with all other vehicles on earth combined. The driver cannot see anybody coming up behind him, and when he turns down a street he does so without any warning. The advantages of side-windows have only to be brought to the attention of Town and County Councils for them to be recognised. It does not inflict any undue hardship on the owners of the vehicles, because windows would save them from causing accidents for which they might be made responsible.

In these summer days, when you go for long rides, it is a benefit to have a pair of goggles with you. The eye is often dazzled and pained with the glare of the roadway, whilst it is no infrequent occurrence, especially towards evening, to have the discomfiture of midges getting in one's eye. All this would be avoided if goggles were worn. In buying such spectacles, however, always get straight glasses, and not those that are concave.

Every week for nearly three years I have written this page for *The Sketch*. After this week, for a time at least, the initials of "J. F. F." will disappear, and those of "R. L. J." take their place. The fact is, I am leaving England for a prolonged journey in a part of Asia where bicycles are things not well known. My friend, Mr. Robert L. Jefferson, who is one of the most enthusiastic touring cyclists in the world, has kindly promised to look after this page during my absence. I could not leave it in better hands. He is a keen wheelman, has the highest interest of sport at heart, and always writes gracefully and interestingly. For a few months, therefore, Adieu!

J. F. F.

PARIS TO NICE, AND BACK, BY MOTOR.

Miss Vera Butler is an enterprising young lady and an enthusiastic motorist. She has just completed a tour of fifteen hundred miles, from Paris to Nice and back, in her five horse-power Renault voiturette. The snapshots which I reproduce, and which give some idea of the difficulties encountered by Miss Butler, were taken by the lady's father, Mr. Frank H. Butler, who accompanied her. During the stay at Nice, Miss Butler drove to Grenoble, *via* the Sappey, to the Grand Chartreuse, one of the highest roads in France, over four thousand feet, and covered with snow. Coming down, the car several times tobogganed into snow-drifts, and the adventurous tourists had to dig it out as best they might, and to put branches for the wheels to get a grip. On behalf of automobilism, I congratulate Miss Butler on her drive, and I think I may safely extend my congratulations to automobilists generally that cars of such reliable and simple character should now be procurable that a lady can drive practically from one end of France to the other and back without the least trouble, and that, too, over roads and under conditions which at times were, to say the least, decidedly trying.



CROSSING THE ALPS: ONE OF THE TUNNELS ON THE ZIGZAG ROAD BETWEEN NICE AND GRENOBLE.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Brighton and Lewes.

In the second half of the Sussex Fortnight there is always plenty of good sport at Brighton and Lewes. At the former place, the two-year-olds engaged in the Rottingdean Plate are not of any great class, and Mr. Musker may win the race, providing Shibboleth filly does not go to the post. With a run, the latter looks a tolerably good thing. In the Cliftonville Plate, the best are Chepeside, Highway colt, by Melton—Irena, Emma Hart, and Gunilda. The last-named spoilt an unbeaten record last week and probably wants a rest. The Irena colt, on his second to Sceptre, ought to have no difficulty in winning. At Lewes, for the old-fashioned Astley Stakes, the situation is dominated by Mr. Sievier's pair, the Duke of Westminster and Sceptre. If either run, of course one of them will win; but, with both of them declining the contest, a good race should be seen, and His Lordship should be returned the winner. Joaquina should win the Priory Stakes unless she waits for the Kempton Park International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes the following Tuesday, when she will have to meet Konigswinter, who with a run should have no difficulty in winning.

The Derby of 1903 has closed with a record entry of 303, and the Oaks for the same year has closed with 271 subscriptions, which is a long way in excess of any previous year. Both results are due in a very large measure to the entries of American owners, and there are yet forty Derby and twenty-eight Oaks entries particulars of which have not yet been received. His Majesty the King has entered half-a-dozen young Persimmons, and sets a good example to other owners by having already given four of them names. The largest subscriber, however, is the Duke of Portland, who has entered four St. Simons, two Carabines, and four others, making a total of ten subscriptions, and including produce from Memoir and Mrs. Butterwick, two Oaks winners. Lord Rosebery has entered three, a colt and a filly by Ladas and a colt by Velasquez, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild takes out four subscriptions for differently sired animals. Sir J. B. Maple is prominent with his Commons and Royal Hamptons, some of the pedigrees looking exceedingly sweet. Somehow, the best-looking horses—both on paper and in the paddock—have a knack of turning out moderate, but I have hopes of seeing some of Sir J. B. Maple's turning out all right. Lord Alington, whose name we but seldom see on a race-card nowadays, is content with a solitary entry, that of a colt by Matchmaker—Phœbe, a remark that applies to Major E. W. Baird with a colt by St. Simon—Vicuna.

Foreign Names.

Apart from the fact that the race is well supported by the greatest of English sportsmen, the names of many foreign sportsmen crop up in the list of subscribers. Count Degenfeld-Schomberg has entered one by Bona Vista—Dereem, and the Messieurs Ephrussi have each taken out two subscriptions, among them being Avignon II., by Persimmon—Avarice, and Livarot, by Persimmon—Lissy, both having been bred in France. Comte de Fels and the Duc de la Torre are other two Continental owners who have supported the big Epsom race. An uncommon name in the racing world is that of Lord Ilchester, who has entered a chestnut colt by Gallinule—Poupée, and a name that has been in everybody's mouth for a couple of seasons crops up in Mr. R. S. Sievier, who has entered a St. Angelo colt called Thunderbolt. Among the principal breeders for sale are Sir Tatton Sykes and Mr. J. Platt. The former has entered five, who all have beautiful pedigrees, two that look best being a filly by Ladas—La Flèche, and a filly by St. Simon—Bonnie Morn. The Eaton Stud is responsible for four possible Derby winners in 1903, including Mailed Fist, an own brother to Duke of Westminster. The New York nominations include

entries made by Mr. Whitney and the Messrs. Keene, who keep company in the Derby with Mr. Belmont, Mr. Croker, and Mr. Curtis.

The Oaks.

The largest subscriber to the Oaks is Sir J. Blundell Maple, with nine entries—four by Childwick, three by Royal Hampton, and one each by Carbine and Persimmon. The King has entered three fillies—Lady Car, by Persimmon—La Carolina; Mousse, by Sir Hugo—Mousme; and a filly by Orme—Leveret. Lord Alington has entered a couple, one of them called You Go Off, by Sir Hugo—Fuse. A name I do not recollect having seen before as a subscriber is Mrs. Edith Annett, who has entered one by Janissary—Swiftsure. I am pleased to see Mr. A. F. Basset's name. A filly by Baccaneer—Eastern Rose is entered by Mr. "Blagdon," which, of course, hides the identity of one of our best riders—Mr. Thursby. Sir Ernest Cassel, who does not have the best of luck with his racehorses, has entered half-a-dozen, one of them with the atrocious name Cockolorum. Baron de Forest is an unfamiliar name to English racing-men. He is responsible for the entry of a filly by St. Damien—Arnica. Devoniensis

is the name of a filly entered by the Duke of Devonshire, who has also paid for four others. Sir James Duke has subscribed for a couple of fillies by the American horse, Ramafo, who created such a disturbance in the Stewards' Cup a few years ago, thereby preventing Kilcock from making a record by winning under 9 st. 12 lb. Lord Falmouth's lot of five includes Virginal, by Ladas—Wise Virgin, the winner of the Stewards' Cup.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE GLOUCESTER CRICKET TEAM.

Dating from 1870, and carried on very successfully for some years without the aid of the professional, the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club have had experiences like those of most other bodies of the kind. While they have enjoyed being at the top of the ladder, they have also known



Huggins.

T. H. Fowler.

THE GLOUCESTER COUNTY CRICKET TEAM.

Photo by Pettingall, Chingford.

what it is to be at the very bottom. The latter was the position as recently as 1894, when there were still three Graces in the team. "G. F." had been dead thirteen years, but there were "W. G." (aged forty-six), "E. M." (fifty-two), and a son of the former. There had come into the team in 1893 and 1894 respectively Mr. C. L. Townsend and Mr. G. L. Jessop, and with their assistance and the continued good work of Dr. W. G. Grace, the county took a considerable leap upwards in 1895, reaching fourth position in the list of season's results. Again in 1897 Gloucestershire were among the foremost counties, and the following year only Yorkshire (Champions, as now) and Middlesex could lay claim to better results. "W. G." headed the batting averages, but Mr. Townsend stood out as the best man of the side, for he had made 1072 runs and had taken 130 wickets. The retirement of W. G. Grace, after thirty years' connection, was a notable incident of 1899, and, though not traceable directly to this, the fortunes of the county declined; despite the excellent work of Messrs. Townsend, Jessop, and Troup (who took over the captaincy), and Wrathall, whose introduction dates from 1894. Paish, a left-handed slow bowler, did remarkably well with the ball (125 wickets for rather less than nineteen runs apiece), especially considering it was his first year, but the attack was, on the whole, weak. Upon the return to India of Mr. Troup, the captaincy was taken up by Mr. Jessop, who, notwithstanding the weight of responsibility, showed to even greater advantage in 1900 than he had before done, scoring 1733 runs and taking eighty-six wickets. Mr. Jessop is a batsman of the brilliant order, one in whom the spectator takes a special delight, and last year he was one of the very best cricketers in the country. Wrathall is a very sound bat, and has this season scored over a thousand runs. Board, who came into the team as wicket-keeper in 1892, has steadily improved as batsman without losing form with the gloves.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE final notes of a rather staccato Season will have played themselves into silence by the passing of those time-honoured final fixtures, Goodwood and Cowes. Nor will the great majority be unduly sorry that this dismal first session of the century has been gathered at last to its forbears. All of us who are outside the very immediate Court Circle, in which mourning—by which I mean this present prolonged mourning—is *de rigueur*, will rejoice that the magpie manner of our habiliments for months past may now, at least, be changed for the less sombre colours of the travelling-gown. The dulness of the past Season has afforded hundreds of the well-bestowed a welcome excuse for an extra-early departure from dusty, scorching London, which recent solar cataclysms, water-spouts, and what not other atmospheric gymnastics, have rendered more impossible than ever in the always impossible month of July. Unlike the ordinary summer experience, one meets quite a number of decent English people abroad at the present moment, and, *mirabile dictu*, our countrywomen can sometimes be even confounded with American femininity, doubtless owing to their increased sense of suitability in clothes. They seem, in fact, to study times, seasons, and their particular pursuits with due regard for appropriate costume, and the appalling visions of unpicturesque British females so frequent in former years seem now confined to the cheap hotels and pensions of the Continent where meagre incomes are meagrely eked out by living "abroad."

Though the shadow of mourning may hang over the land at home, there is a distinct revival of colour noticeable *outré-mer*, by which I

seem to be pre-eminently in favour, judging by the number of *chic*, well-dressed girls one meets disporting them still. An improved form of turned-up sailor-hat boasts in some cases a crown of one colour and brim of another with quite good effect. In frocks, the new silk linons which were brought out at the end of the Season are being used a good



A SMART GOWN FOR THE COUNTRY.



[Copyright.]

"ROBE D'INTÉRIEUR."

deal, doubtless owing to the hot weather, which makes cloth of any kind impossible to travel in. Simply made, with tight fitting boleros, and strapped with silk or linon in contrasting tones of colour, these little dresses are both smart and useful, as they do not soil readily and are guaranteed to wash without fading, which, by the way, renders them very useful for yachting or seaside, as even salt-water does not affect their delicate surface.

Brown boots and shoes are invariably, let it be remembered, the most correct and convenient foot-gear when travelling, for obvious reasons, and, when well-made, can no longer have the reproach levelled at them of being clumsy or apparently increasing the size of the foot. The American Shoe Company—and, indeed, most of the best bootmakers—have now brought the brown shoe and boot to a point of perfection in shape and colour which leaves nothing to be desired by the most fastidious; and in this connection it is worth remarking that brown stockings should always match the tone of leather in one's boot or shoe, the union of colour in both being one of those details which a well-dressed woman will be careful to consider.

I hear, by the way, and *not à propos des bottes*, rumours abroad that most of the eminent Continental dressmakers are considering the demolition of the trained skirt. If we are indeed to return to our muttons of the short jupon, we may hope, at least, that for evening wear we shall be allowed to retain our trains. However graceful, one has long been well-convinced that the trained walking-dress is an anomaly, and an uncomfortable one for those to whom the gods have not sent victorias

mean, of course, amongst Englishwomen, who are now arraying themselves in exotic hues, like their French and American sisters whom one also meets at every turn. Flat, wide, flower-wreathed bergère-hats

and broughams amongst other much-desired necessities of the eternal feminine. With the possession of a carriage, the question of long skirts can never become the burning one it must be to "The Woman in the Street," whose overburdened hands are obliged to clutch relentlessly at her overlong garments that they may be saved from defilement of the pavement; but the short evening-dress has, on the other hand, no grace in its going or excuse for existence, and I trust, therefore, the autocratic makers and unmakers of fashion will condescendingly bear these primary facts in mind when drawing up their sartorial forecast of facts for the approaching season.

Apropos of French artists in clothes and otherwise, the departure of this wonderfully inventive people recently inaugurated in the craft of the silversmith seems to grow apace in their capital, and a walk down the Rue de la Paix is, at present, one of tenfold more attractiveness than formerly, owing to the exquisite creations and combinations of silver, gold, and jewels which, for want of a better title, are grouped under the heading "Nouveau Art." The hackneyed designs of the degenerate modern silversmith are now at last in a fair way of being replaced by a refinement of curve and line from which the once glorious art of Botticelli has long been estranged.

This movement, which originated with a French artist to whom all praise is due, has gradually made itself felt in our own less imaginative island, and articles of "bijouterie" to which the word beautiful may be applied without exaggeration are being daily produced by the more highly trained British workman under an artistic surveillance which this long-needed art-revival has called forth. Mappin Brothers, of 66, Cheapside, and 220, Regent Street, have, with praiseworthy enterprise and discrimination, taken this matter of artistic metal-working more seriously perhaps than most other firms of equal prominence. As a result, the novelty and charm of their exhibits in silver-ware have had a wide and appreciative following amongst the educated public. In jewellery this firm has also created for itself a unique reputation in the ordinary forms of gaud and trinket worn, from tiara even unto waist-buckle, each article being rendered in the exquisite style of "Nouveau Art," this method of jewel-setting and combinations in metals being as far superior to the tasteless manner of the last hundred years as would be the finished work of an artist to the crudest early efforts of a prentice hand.

A new patent belt has been recently brought out which is made to

fasten inside with an elastic band, so that the ornamental material on the outside, be it embroidery, lace, or what not, is not strained or spoilt in wear. Sash-ends can be fastened on the side or front of this patent belt, which is made in Swiss corselet fashion and hides more gracefully than most other ceintures the division between skirt and bodice.

Turning to those other inevitable accompaniments of dress which come under the heading of jewels, I find that many women nowadays commit their best possessions to their bankers when leaving town for the autumn, taking in their jewel-cases the artistic productions of the Parisian Diamond Company instead. As far as the pearls are concerned for which this Company is so famous, no one can think it possible or probable that they could be detected for being otherwise than real gems.

In colour, weight, and lustre the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company are absolute reproductions of the costly real thing. They are used by people of the highest rank and wealth, and are in every way an unrivalled triumph in the art of reproduction. The brilliancy and the excellence of design for which the Company's other jewels are noted are matters now of world-wide fame, the coloured stones, such as rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, produced by them being no less true to Nature than are the brilliants used in their unique productions. The ornament illustrated on this page is a marvel of artistic gem-setting. It is composed of small diamonds and large pearls set in a novel pattern of extreme taste and elegance. The bee brooch, which is also used as a clasp for the long rope of pearls illustrated, is an instance of how the smallest specimen of jewellery receives as much careful manipulation as the most important design. One great secret of the Company's unique reputation is that only first-rate artists and craftsmen of



ARTISTIC GEM-SETTING BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

special talent are employed in the production of these jewels, of which few women of taste and means are without a specimen nowadays—indeed, it would be astonishing if they were.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. L. B. (Cape Town).—Violetta, 44A, Bond Street, is the address you require. Her things come from Paris, and are, moreover, inexpensive.

DUENNA (Liverpool).—With reference to my answer to you last week, Messrs. Scrubb and Co. advise me that their Ammonia is to be obtained in all parts of France, and, indeed, all over the world. It even reaches the dominions of the Shah,

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

CANADIAN RAILS.

MYSTERIOUS hints are being circulated that there is "something up" in Canadas which makes it highly dangerous to be anything but a bull of the shares, and the undefined rumours have so far answered their purpose that the price has risen from 90 to 110 in a very short space of time. The crop estimates and actual statistics are undoubtedly very good, and the rise has fully justified our oft-expressed opinion of Canadas. But we do not think that those who can take a good profit need hesitate to do so, since a reaction is more than likely, although the market is too "tricky" a one for us to counsel putting out bear sales.

The Grand Trunk is doing even more than the Canadian Pacific to entitle its stockholders to congratulations. The excellent traffics are maintained week by week with scarcely a break, and the line has a splendid record for the past half-year. There seems to be every reason why the First Preference should touch par within a short time, and as the dividend time draws near, we expect to see a pronounced return of activity to the Trunk Market. Past experience goes to show that just before a good dividend is expected Trunks will steadily improve, and that after the event, however good the distribution may turn out to be, there will come a kind of reactionary relapse. The next dividend announcement will be probably made in a few days' time, when we may fairly anticipate that the First Preference will get its full 2½ per cent. for the six months. As to the Second Preference, market guesses vary, but it is more than probable that no dividend will be paid for the past six months, and a large amount carried forward for the next

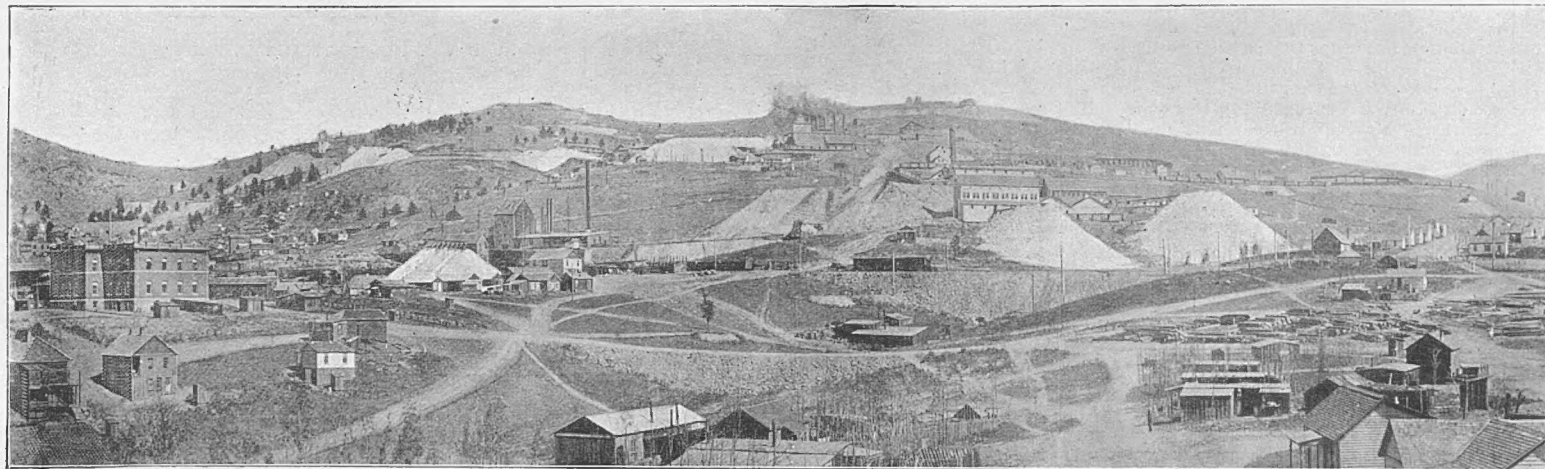
STRATTON'S—AND OTHERS.

The battle-royal over Stratton's Independence shares has ceased, so far as the price is concerned, for the time being, and the quotation has settled down to the neighbourhood of twenty-three-and-ninence ex-dividend. This is about five shillings over the lowest price touched a week or so back, when the heavy selling forced Strattons right down from nearly £2 to a sixteenth under one. The origin of that fierce attack is shrouded in doubt, but probably the forced closing of an account in which 10,000 shares were involved had a good deal to do with it. But now, as we have said, the price is resting at its partially restored quotation; the returns are good, and in his last cable Mr. Hayes Hammond declared that the mine was in just the same condition as it had been for some months past. A 20 per cent. dividend has lately been paid, and, as a mining speculation, the shares look reasonably cheap. Our illustration gives an excellent idea of the relative position of Stratton's as compared with others of the same British Columbian group.

We need not go into the Standard Exploration matter. Its details fill one with a nausea by no means appropriate to the holiday season. But, meeting a prominent member of the Committee recently appointed at the British America meeting, we buttonholed him and prayed his information. There are, of course, various things which we can hardly repeat whilst the affair is still at the commencement stage, but he sorrowfully discounted our hopes when we asked how the Stock Exchange creditors would fare. As he said, however, so much depends upon two or three important points. The sale of the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway by the Globe, for instance, would materially assist the group, and the winning of the action for damages against the "Syndicate" would help still more. As to the chances of success in the latter case, he would only say that "Sir Edward Clarke is on our side." The personal liability of Directors is another moot point, and so the destination

Ajax.

Portland.



Outskirts of the Town of Victoria.

Strong.

Stratton's Independence.

SOME CRIPPLE CREEK MINES.

half-year, following the precedent of 1900. Speculators may find it a fairly safe rule to sell Trunks when the stocks are so buoyant that they look as though nothing could ever make them flat again, and then repurchase when the rise is followed by the invariable selling orders which reduce the quotation for a time. In this market, as with Canadian Pacifics, there are rumours of "American control," which may not be wholly unfounded.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

"Kaffir shares," quoth a jobber in South Africans the other day, "will die for want of breath unless we get a little business pretty soon." The speaker's tone was plaintive, and he spoke with the bitterness born of long experience of dull days. The market hardly ripples; on some days particular shares, enjoying a popular enough vogue at brighter times, are never mentioned from half-past ten to four o'clock. Certainly the same conditions are prevailing in nearly all other departments of the Stock Exchange, and dealers who think of abandoning Kaffirs for some more profitable market are at a loss to know whither to emigrate.

The tone of the Kaffir Market is, however, very firm, and to buy a line of any high-class Gold shares at the nominal quotation is practically impossible. On the other hand, it is fairly easy to place an equal number with success at ruling prices. The jobbers are much more willing to go bulls of the best Kaffirs than they are to be caught out of them. In fact, there is a quite unusual nervousness among the Kaffir fraternity so far as selling shares which they do not possess goes, attributable to the popular impression that the end of the War may come at any moment, and that its announcement may bring a sudden access of public support to the market. Mr. MacDonnell's able plea in this month's *National Review* for the speedy opening of the Rand, voices the general Kaffir Circus yearning, although his conclusions as to the length of time which it will take before the mines can be brought back to the profit-earning stage are conveniently overlooked. But, to sum up, the Kaffir Market is in a state of sensitive sleepiness, if the paradox may be permitted, and the general feeling of the Stock Exchange goes to support the idea that the conclusion of hostilities must materially and immediately benefit the prices of South Africans.

of the profits made over the Le Roi No. 2 rig. Our readers may rest assured that we will keep them posted as to the latest developments.

BROKEN HILLS.

Things are very gloomy according to our correspondent at the Barrier, whose letter we print below. He tells us no information can be obtained as to the Consols Mine except that a small amount of silver is being obtained.

Broken Hill, June 26, 1901.

Writing about the Broken Hill mines during the past two or three months has been a loathsome task. Things have been going ill with the Barrier, not on account of any retrogression on the part of the mines, but solely owing to the serious slump in lead, which, unfortunately, still continues. The slump has proved a staggerer to Broken Hill people and those depending on and dealing in Broken Hill stocks. Three mines (the North, Junction, and Junction North) have shut down; on three others the men have been reduced; and the remainder have been exercising economies which twelve months ago would have been regarded as impossible. Necessarily, business in the town has suffered, and the heart of man has been sore. "How long is the slump going to last?" is the ever-repeated question of to-day. Over and over again, word has come through that lead has touched bottom prices. Spirits have risen, only to drop the more heavily a day or two later, when the record has fallen a further several points.

The slump has been an "eye-opener" in many ways. Bright days followed on one another in 1899 and 1900 so consistently that no change was foreseen, so more than one Management was caught napping. Ore returned a healthy profit with lead at £17 per ton, and men didn't trouble to ascertain that £17 was an abnormal price. So it didn't strike them then that what was really wanted from the mines was ore that would pay at even £12 per ton. In the days of carbonates, £9 per ton left a profit; the fact was forgotten that sulphides wouldn't give an equal return. It has been remembered since. When the first mine closed down and the outlook was unpromising with regard to most of the others, figures were prepared showing at what price per ton of lead the various mines, taking their work for 1900 as a guide, would lose their entries on the profit side. The figures were—

Central (Sulphide Corporation)	£8 4 0
Proprietary	10 1 0
British	10 11 6
South	11 16 6
North	13 11 0
Block 14	13 15 9

These figures rather shocked the casual man. Fortunately, they don't rule to-day, for economies have been adopted which have reduced them considerably. The Central management has always been thoroughly business-like, and no great reduction was possible in its case. Moreover, as there was no fear of lead falling to £9, the company was not in danger. But Block 14 promptly decided to let its

low-grade ore stand over, and, with fewer men, work the better stuff; the British did likewise; much dead work was temporarily abandoned on the Proprietary; the North, after a painful struggle, "threw up the sponge."

The North was the last of the three mines already named to close down. The week before it closed I prepared a table showing the work being done by the several mines compared with twelve months previously. The Proprietary, for four weeks in 1900, output 322,691 oz. silver and 2485 tons lead; for the corresponding month of 1901 the output was 459,653 oz. silver and 3724 tons lead. A more recent four weeks, ending June 19, showed an output of 575,275 oz. silver and 5565 tons lead. The figures of the other mines were, for a week in 1900, compared with 1901—

		1900.				1901.	
		Crudes. tons.	Concentrates. tons.			Crudes. tons.	Concentrates. tons.
Central	...	3821	780	...	5215	1024	
South	...	2087	474	...	2228	477	
North	...	940	185	...	550	117	
British	...	2000	375	...	1730	360	
Block 14	...	2415	643	...	1179	426	

Block 14 is at present turning out richer sulphides and more carbonates than heretofore. For instance, an output of 1065 tons sulphides and 176 tons carbonates (1900) gave 180 tons bullion; 726 tons sulphides and 234 tons carbonates (1901) returned 203 tons bullion. Yet Block 14, in spite of these improved returns, is having a struggle. Its net profit for the six months ending March 31 was only £2848, the result of an output of 61,866 tons of crudes, which averaged all round 15·3 per cent. lead, 11·3 per cent. zinc, and 10·1 oz. silver. When the depression came along, the 600-foot level of this mine was ready for opening up; this work has necessarily been postponed. Shareholders will be fortunate if the company balances accounts this half-year.

The Junction had no option but to shut up when it did. It lost £13,627 for the half-year ending March 31. It raised £25,000 by reconstruction, paid out £10,000 for machinery—and the other went. Careless management (on the part of the Board) must be blamed—in conjunction with the slump, of course. The curse of the Good Friday "creep" is still over the mine, and all development work has to combat the result of the unfortunate disaster. There is good ore in the mine yet, but it is costly to get at. The £10,000 was spent in a small plant to re-treat the tailings. The plant on trial did excellent work, and under ordinary circumstances would quickly have paid its cost, but to run it alone (with the rest of the mine and machinery idle) ate away the margin of profit. (The Manager of the mine, Mr. J. C. Moulden, has just transferred his services to the Sulphide Corporation. The Corporation will benefit.)

The Junction North for the seven months ending Feb. 22 showed a loss of £9125. It has reconstructed into a company of £130,000, in 130,000 £1 shares, paid-up to 15s. Of the sum to be derived from the reconstruction, £5500 is to go to pay off debts, £3000 to sinking the shaft to 1050 feet and developing at that level, £4000 for a skimp re-treatment plant, leaving an estimated balance of working capital of £3750. Shares are worth about 1s. 7d. on the 'Change to-day. Nothing is being done on the mine, and nothing is likely to be for a while. I have plainly expressed my opinion of this mine on previous occasions. All I can say now is that there is more apparent need than ever for it to amalgamate with the North.

Block 10 is another mine that shows a weak half-year. For the six months ending March, the profits were £22,811 against £53,268 for the previous half-year. Since March the price of lead has fallen 20 per cent., while silver has risen 4 per cent. A simple calculation will prove that the mine can't be returning a profit just now, yet eight months ago it was yielding a profit of £9000 per month. However, estimates of the ore in sight are satisfactory enough if only the price of metals would improve.

The South Mine is doing marvellously good work, ditto the Central and Proprietary, but very little attention is being devoted to anything except remunerative labour (a fall of ground in the South the other day killed six men). The South Blocks are yielding consistently from three points, the ore giving from 25 to 31 per cent. lead and 3 to 5 oz. silver. The Victoria and White Leads have got beyond the "preparing" stage, and both mines show hopeful-looking sulphide lodes. In the old days they were abandoned as soon as the carbonates had been worked out. I can't quite see that the British is making any profit at the present time. Attention has been mainly directed to searching for the lode at the 500-foot level. It has been playing a pretty game of hide-and-seek, but there is every indication now of it being caught within three or four weeks, at the very outside. The ore at the 300-foot has been pretty well depleted, and great inroads have been made on the 400-foot reserves. As for the 600-foot—well, the prospects aren't too bright: no sign of the lode has yet been encountered in very many feet of exploratory work. All work on Block 16 has been temporarily abandoned.

Since the slump has descended, much less attention has been devoted to the zinc question. The Central, however, has got its new German plant in working order, and steady operations are to be commenced at once. Trials have been very satisfactory. The Australian Metal Company is also ready to re-start its works with a new "wet" process, but nothing concerning the process has been allowed to leak out. As soon as zinc sees £18, I am officially informed, the wheels will go round, and then something will be made known.

By the way, the Proprietary, Block 10, South, Central, and British still pay dividends, though the amount has suffered a material reduction. Whether any of those five companies, excepting the Proprietary and Central, will be able to do so at the end of the present year, unless prospects brighten considerably, is a matter for grave doubt.

Friday, Aug. 2, 1901.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. O. C. (Dresden).—The Motor Company went into liquidation on April 10, 1900. Mr. W. H. Chantrey, of 57, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., was made Liquidator. It is not likely you will ever get a penny, but you had better write to the Liquidator and ask for information.

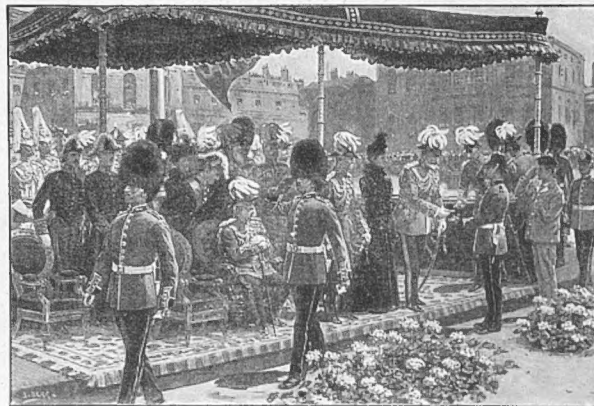
SMALL INVESTOR.—We doubt if any of the three shares you mention are very promising, but, for a gamble, the Steel Pref. might pay. As a speculative purchase, Lady's Pictorial Pref., at present price, are very good.

J. W. M.—Under the changed circumstances of the Transvaal, we advise you to join the reconstruction.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Bank Holiday, we are obliged to go to press earlier than usual this week, and the kind indulgence of correspondents is therefore necessary.

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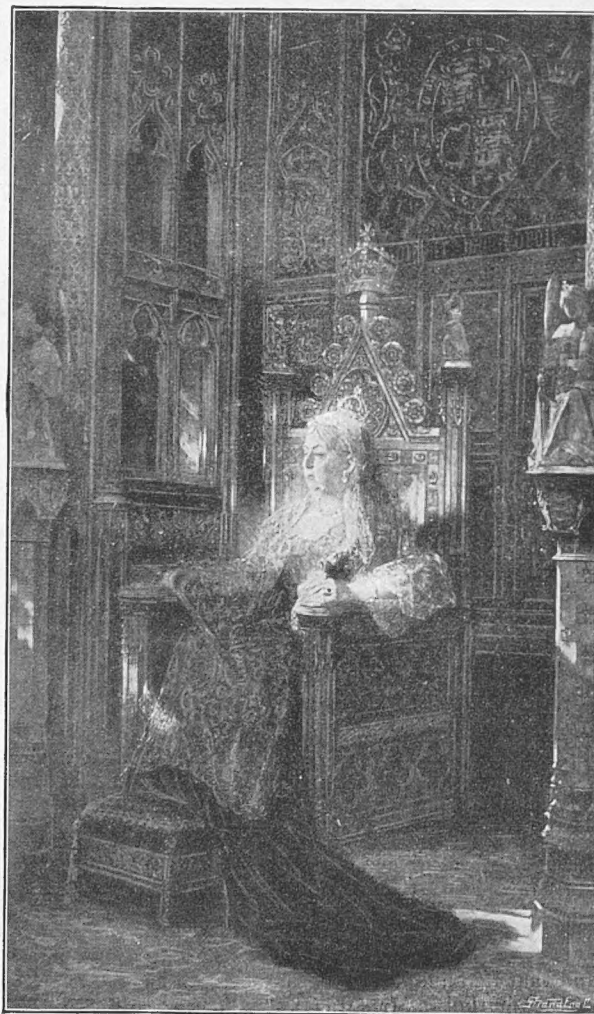


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